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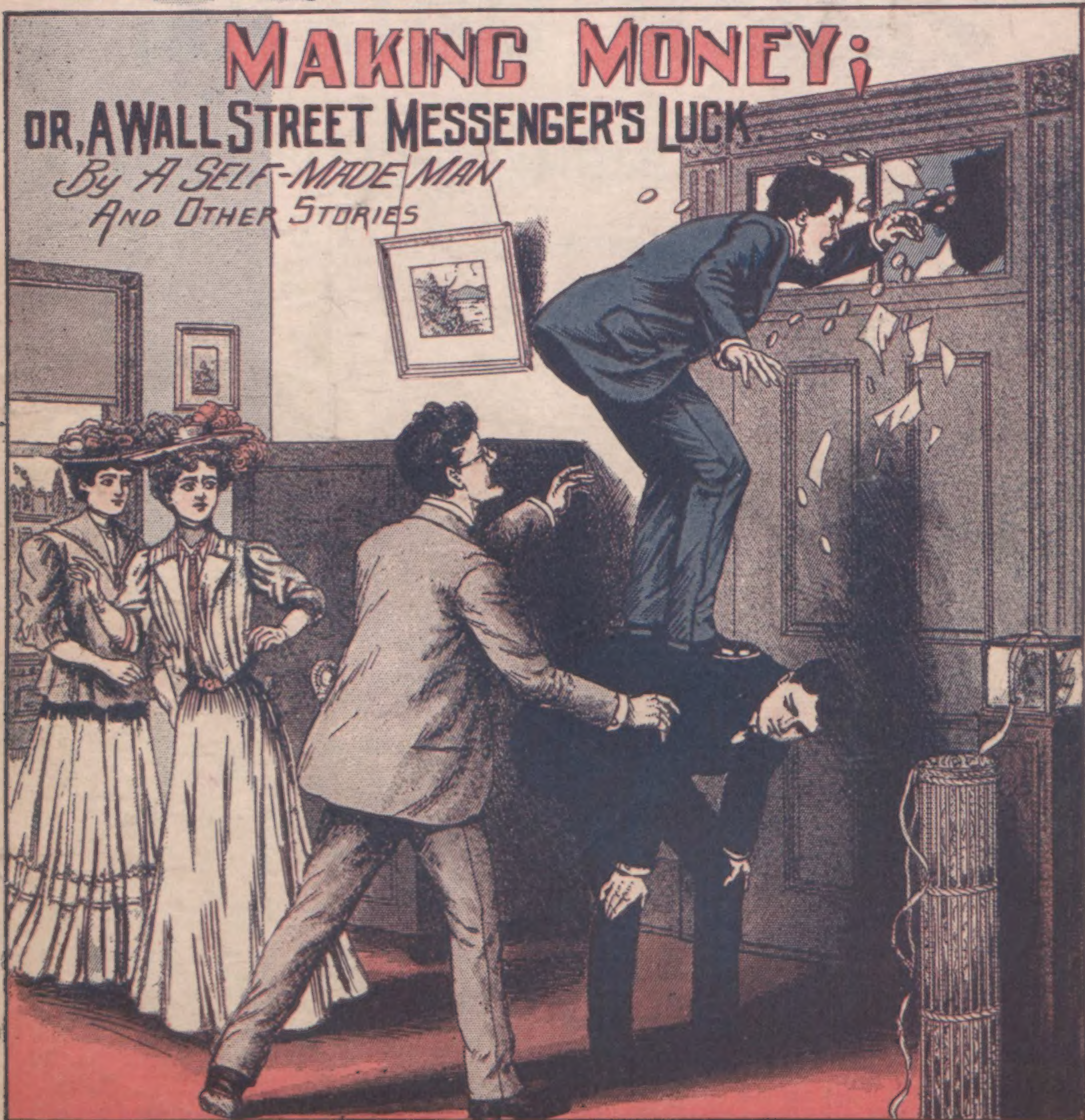
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FAME ^{AND} FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS THAT MAKE MONEY.

MAKING MONEY; OR, A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK.

*By A SELF-MADE MAN
AND OTHER STORIES*



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MAKING MONEY

— OR —

A WALL STREET MESSENGER'S LUCK

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

A STARTLING OCCURRENCE.

"What's the matter, girls? Are you locked out?" asked Bob Evans, an alert, good-looking boy of perhaps eighteen years, to two pretty misses who were standing at the door of the office adjoining his own in the Wall Street building where he worked as messenger for Louis Danforth, stock broker.

It was about half-past nine in the morning, and Bob was returning from a stationer's with a box of pens the cashier had sent him for.

"Yes, we can't get it," replied Dora White. "Mr. Sackman is always here before us, but this morning he seems to be late. I do hate standing out in the corridor."

"So do I," said Lily Page, who worked for Mr. Sackman, too.

"Well, you have my sympathy," laughed Bob, who knew both of the girls very well, and was rather smitten with Miss Dora, who was a particularly charming and vivacious young lady.

"I do wish Mr. Sackman would come," said Dora, tapping the marble floor impatiently with the toe of her shoe. "Everybody who comes along stares at us, and it's just too unpleasant for anything."

"Oh, I guess Sackman will be along presently," said Bob, encouragingly. "He is pretty regular, isn't he?"

"Yes," replied Dora. "I never knew him to be late before."

"Well, what's the matter with you stepping into our office and waiting there?" asked Bob. "You can stand near the connecting door and then you're bound to hear him when he comes."

"Let's do it," said Lily.

Dora had no objection, for perhaps she rather liked to have the chance for a little chat with Bob, whom she secretly admired.

Bob opened the door of Mr. Danforth's office and bowed the girls into the reception-room, where they took up their position near the ticker, which stood close to the door that connected with their own office, though it was locked.

Bob delivered the box of pens to the cashier, and having nothing else to do at the moment he rejoined the two girls.

"Nice day," he said.

"What a common-place remark," laughed Dora, with a side-long glance at the boy, that set his heart going pitapat.

"Well, it is a nice day, isn't it?"

"Of course it is. Just too lovely for anything. I wish it was a holiday."

"You don't wish that any more than I do," replied Bob, promptly.

"Don't you like to work?"

"Of course I like to work. I just dote on it. All the same I appreciate a holiday once in a while."

"All of us do, I guess. Never mind, every day will be Sunday by and by," said Dora, with another bewitching glance at Bob, as if she knew the power of them.

"So I've heard, but not in this world. Here it is a case of hustle unless you are well fixed and don't need to care whether school keeps or not. I've had to work ever since I left school, for I've got to help keep house for mother. My sister Elsie does the rest. She keeps books for Eissner, Fin- glestein & Goldstein, shirt manufacturers, on Broadway. Hours, eight till five-thirty. She tells me I've got a snap because I don't have to report till nine, and I get off anywhere between half-past three and four."

"Does she get good pay?" asked Dora.

"She gets \$12. She's a pretty smart girl, if I do say it; but, then, I think my sister is the best and nicest girl in the world."

"I like to hear a boy speak well of his sister," said Dora, regarding Bob more favorably than ever.

"Why shouldn't he? Sis talks just the same about me, so I couldn't think of letting her get ahead of me."

At that moment the door opened and Joe Vincent, who worked for Oliver Lancing, a stock broker, on the other side of the corridor, came in.

"Hello, Bob! I see you have company," he said.

"Why not?" responded Bob. "Come here and I'll introduce you."

Joe walked over, and Bob presented him to the girls.

"You work next door, don't you?" said Joe.

"Yes. We're locked out this morning, and Bob Evans was kind enough to invite us to wait in here instead of out in the corridor," said Dora.

"Want to see me about anything?" asked Bob.

"Yes; if you've got any money."

"Just listen to that, girls! Here's my best friend come in to try and do me out of some of my hard-earned cash. Don't you think he has a nerve?"

"Oh, come off, Bob; don't try to queer me with the young ladies," protested Joe.

"Oh, we know how to take what he says," replied Lily Page, smiling at Vincent.

"Now will you be good, Bob?" chuckled Joe.

"Well, Joe, I haven't any money, as I supposed you knew. I have to turn all my wages into the house. I couldn't even lend you a quarter this morning."

"I don't want to borrow. I have a tip on the market, and thought you might be able to go in with me on it."

"I wish I could. What is your tip?"

"A broker I stand well with told me to buy a certain stock on my promise not to say anything about it. I asked him if I might tell you on the same conditions, and he said if I could thoroughly depend on you I could."

"You think the tip is good, do you?" asked Bob.

"Sure thing. It's a winner."

"Then I wish I had some money, for I'd like to win a little wad so that I might be able to get mother a new dress, and other things she needs badly."

"No way you could raise a few dollars, is there?"

"None that I know of," answered Bob, shaking his head.

"Too bad, for a fellow doesn't run across a good thing very often."

"Oh, well, we can't all be lucky," replied Bob, philosophically.

"Boys are lucky in being boys," said Dora. "I wish I was one."

"I don't. I'd rather have you as you are," said Bob, promptly.

"Why?"

"Because I would."

"The idea! Aren't you mean?" pouted Dora.

"I don't think so. You wouldn't be half as charming if you were a boy."

"Oh, my! What a compliment!" exclaimed the girl, flashing another of her side glances at Bob.

"And I'll back him up in that, too," chipped in Joe.

"Aren't you gallant?" laughed Lily.

"Boys should always be polite to the girls," said Bob.

"That's right," coincided Joe. "I always take my hat off to them."

"Have you a sister, too, Mr. Vincent?" asked Lily.

"No. I haven't that honor. I've got to depend on some one else's sister."

The girls laughed at that.

Suddenly Dora declared she heard a noise in the next room.

"That must be Mr. Sackman," she said. "Come, Lily. Good-by!" to the boys, and both made a break for the door and disappeared.

"They're beauts, aren't they?" remarked Joe. "I like Miss Page the best."

Bob was glad his taste lay in that direction as he wanted Dora all to himself.

"Yes, they're mighty pretty girls, Miss Dora especially."

"Now, I think Miss—" began Vincent, but that was as far as he got, for the door opened and the girls came back.

"What's the matter?" asked Bob. "Dropped anything in here?"

"No. Mr. Sackman hasn't come, for the door is still locked. Now, isn't that funny, for I was sure I heard some one walking in there," said Dora.

"You must have been mistaken," replied Bob.

"I thought I heard something fall in there, too," said Lily Page.

"Have you a cat in there?" grinned Bob.

"No, of course not," replied Dora. "They don't allow animals in these office buildings."

"I didn't know but you might have smuggled one in," chuckled Bob.

"How ridiculous!" giggled Lily.

"Don't you like cats?"

"We've got the dearest, chubbiest, handsomest little—" began Lily, when they were all startled by a sudden racket in the next room.

There couldn't be any mistake this time—it was too loud, and just as if two persons were fighting.

"My gracious!" exclaimed Dora. "What's that?"

"There seems to be something doing in there, all right," said Bob.

"Bet your boots there is," said Joe, putting his ear against the door.

"Surely, some one is in there," said Lily. "Who could it be, with the door locked?"

"Well, if there's any one in there I'll soon find it out," said Bob, resolutely. "Here, Joe, give me a back so I can get up and take a squint through the transom."

His chum bent down, Bob mounted on his back and was about to look into the next room when—smash!

A shower of gold pieces crashed through the glass, followed by the thud of a black satchel against the fractured pane.

Bob started back, aghast.

The girls screamed, and the cashier, leaving his desk in the counting-room, rushed into the waiting-room to find out the cause of the disturbance.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXCITING CHASE AND ITS RESULTS.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Mr. Brooks, the cashier. "What does this mean?"

He gazed alternately at Bob, perched on Vincent's back, and at the money, lying scattered about on the floor near the ticker, in a stupefied kind of way.

No one answered him, for Bob was trying to look into the next room, and Joe and the girls had no idea what the matter was.

Bob finally got a line onto what was transpiring in the next room.

A good-sized man, with jet-black mustache and snappy black eyes, had Lawrence Sackman bent over the back of a low desk and was evidently trying to choke him into insensibility.

"Here, you rascal!" roared Bob. "Stop that!"

The man who was assaulting Sackman paused, glared up at the boy's face at the broken pane, and then resumed his attack on the hapless man, who seemed to be quite at his mercy.

Bob turned around and addressed the cashier in a tone of great excitement.

"There's a well-dressed ruffian in there trying to do up Mr. Sackman by choking him. Have you a key to this door?"

"No," replied the cashier.

"Then we'll have to burst the door open if we expect to save Mr. Sackman," said the boy, leaping to the floor. "Run downstairs and tell the superintendent or the janitor, Joe, and don't lose a moment about it."

Bob's desperately earnest manner alarmed the girls more than ever, and they shrank away from the door, overcome with fear as to the outcome of the affair.

While Joe dashed out into the corridor to do his friend's bidding, Bob ran into the wash-room, where one of the assistants of the janitor had left a hatchet and a cold-chisel he had been working with in there the day before.

Seizing the implements, Bob returned to the door and, inserting the heavy chisel into the crack of the door at the lock, he drove it in and then started to pry the lock open.

He was a strong boy, and being bent on business, his efforts were soon successful, the lock snapping short off under the powerful leverage he applied to it.

Pulling the door open, and grabbing up the hatchet to use as a weapon, he dashed into the room just in time to see the man with the black mustache vanishing through the corridor door, with a black satchel in his hand.

Bob gave chase to him at once, leaving the unconscious Mr. Sackman to be looked after by Cashier Brooks, who followed him into the room.

The young messenger rushed into the corridor in time to see the fleeing rascal vanish in the direction of the stairs and elevators.

"Stop thief!" yelled Bob, as he flew after the fellow.

He narrowly missed a collision with two brokers who had just stepped out of the elevator, and who gaped in astonishment at the sight of a wild-eyed boy, flourishing a hatchet, coming at them like a small cyclone.

When Bob reached the stairway the fugitive was making for the final flight leading to the street.

With a whoop, the boy straddled the baluster and shot down like a flash.

Several people were coming in at the door.

"Stop him! Stop that man with the satchel!" roared Bob, jumping down the flight, three steps at a time.

The people below seemed either slow to comprehend, or did not care to interfere.

At any rate, the man got by them and vanished outside, where he was pursued by the determined boy.

An exciting spectacle was then presented to the hundreds of people on the sidewalk—a big man, with a black valise in his hand, flying from a fleet-footed, bareheaded lad, armed with a hatchet and shouting "Stop thief!"

A Wall Street detective awoke to the situation and jumped in to head the fugitive off.

The rascal, however, after dodging him once, turned suddenly and smashed him in the face with the satchel, stretching

him, half-stunned, in the middle of the street and almost under the wheels of a slowly driven automobile.

The fellow then turned into William street, with Bob at his heels.

Perceiving that his pursuer was sure to overtake him, he ran into the entrance of an office building and dashed up the stairs.

Bob followed, full tilt, gaining the first landing so close behind the man that the latter, brought to bay, had to turn and defend himself.

"Surrender!" cried the boy, brandishing the hatchet.

The rascal laughed sardonically and swung the satchel at him, sweeping the weapon out of his grasp and sending it clattering, two yards away, on the floor.

But Bob was not to be shaken off.

He sprang upon the fellow like a catamount, grasping him around the chest with a hug like that of a bear.

"Blame you! Let me go!" snarled the man, furiously, dropping the valise and seizing his antagonist by the arm.

Failing to release the boy's grip, he began to punch him in the head with both fists, whereupon Bob retaliated by kicking him in the shins and butting him with his forehead.

The rascal was now desperate, and he struggled furiously to break away.

Suddenly Bob released his hold about his chest, slid downward, caught him by the legs and fairly overturned the fellow on the floor, where he struck his head with a whack against the board running along the foot of the wall.

Bob now had every advantage of the situation, and he took full benefit of it, leaping astride of the fellow, who lay slightly stunned and bewildered on the floor.

Just then the detective appeared on the scene and ran to the boy's aid.

He didn't consider it necessary to ask what the man had done before he deftly slipped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

Then Bob dismounted and grabbed the black satchel.

"He assaulted and nearly killed Mr. Lawrence Sackman, whose office adjoins ours in the Terrace Building," explained the messenger to the detective. "And I dare say this valise belongs to Mr. Sackman. I believe it contains considerable gold coin. At any rate, it feels as if it did, and I've already had some evidence that a lot of gold pieces came out of it. You'd better fetch this fellow back to Mr. Sackman's office. I'll carry the valise."

The detective yanked the man on his feet, and ordered him to come along, which order the man obeyed, seeing that he couldn't very well help himself.

Bob recovered the hatchet and followed behind them.

There was a crowd gathered about the door, and this mob, increasing in size, followed them back to the Terrace Building, where they took the elevator to the third floor.

Bob led the way to Mr. Sackman's office, the door of which was open and blocked by a small mob of curious people, who had been attracted there by the report of foul play, and the excitement arising out of Bob's chase of the fugitive.

They pushed their way through the spectators into the room, which was already pretty well crowded with brokers and clerks, whose offices were on that floor.

Mr. Sackman had been brought to his senses and was seated at his desk, surrounded by the inner fringe of the crowd.

"Make way there, gentlemen," said the detective, pushing his prisoner before him. "Fall back, please."

The appearance of the detective with the handcuffed dark-featured man only served to increase the excitement, and after the two men, with Bob at their heels, passed through to the desk, the people packed closer up than before.

Joe was standing close to the desk and saw Bob's approach.

"Got him, I see," he whispered to his chum, as he came near.

"Pet your life I got him," nodded Bob.

"Gave you quite a chase, didn't he?"

"Into an office building on William street."

"Are you Mr. Sackman?" asked the detective of the owner of that name.

"I am. Ah, you have the man who assaulted me. How did you catch him?"

"This boy," indicating Bob, "captured him. I arrived just in time to put the bracelets on him."

"How did you manage it, young man?" asked Mr. Sackman, recognizing his neighbor's messenger boy in Bob.

"Oh, I chased him till I overtook him. He couldn't get away from me to save his life."

"But my satchel! There's \$5,000 in gold coin in it. Did you—"

"Yes, sir. I got it away from him. Here it is," and Bob placed the black satchel on his desk close to his elbow.

Mr. Sackman seized it, with a sigh of relief, lifted it, and then set it down again.

"I shan't forget what I owe you, my lad," he said, with a grateful expression.

"Well," interrupted the detective, impatiently, "I suppose you are ready to accompany me to the station to make the charge against this man?"

"Yes, I'll go with you. I wish you would clear my office first."

"Gentlemen," said the detective, in a loud tone, "please disperse."

Bob and Joe assisted in getting the crowd to leave the office.

Mr. Sackman then opened his safe and placed the satchel, together with the gold pieces that Joe and the girls had picked up on the floor of Mr. Danforth's office and returned to him, into it.

After relocking it, and giving some directions to the nervous Dora, he put on his hat and left the office, with the detective and his prisoner, while Bob remained to tell his story of the exciting chase he had had to the girls, Mr. Danforth, who had come to his office immediately after Bob's hurried exit after the rascal, the cashier and Joe.

CHAPTER III.

BOB'S FIRST SPECULATION.

"Mr. Sackman wishes to see you, Bob," said Cashier Brooks, an hour later, when the boy returned from his first errand of the morning. "You'd better go in and see him now."

"All right, sir," replied the boy, and he immediately walked into the office next door.

"I believe you want to see me, Mr. Sackman," said Bob, when he saw that gentleman seated at his desk.

"Yes. Sit down. I wish to thank you for what you did for me this morning. Your prompt interference saved me the sum of \$5,000, for it is probable that if that rascal had got clean off I never would have recovered the money. I got that gold from the sub-treasury yesterday for a special purpose and placed it in charge of my safe deposit people overnight. On my way to the office I got the satchel, and had only entered my room here when that man came in, locked the door and attacked me, knocking me momentarily unconscious. He took the keys from my pocket, opened the bag and was examining the contents when I recovered my senses. As soon as he saw I was coming to, he grabbed me and dragged me to the wash-room, where he choked me till he thought I was insensible. He then returned to my private room, where I followed in time to prevent him from escaping with the satchel. During the struggle I got it away from him and flung it against the glass window of the transom looking into your waiting-room in order to attract attention. What followed I can scarcely recall, owing to the brutal manner in which the rascal treated me. He would have made his escape but for your plucky conduct, and I feel that you are entitled to some substantial recognition for your services. Therefore, I take great pleasure in presenting you with my check for \$500."

Thus speaking, Mr. Sackman handed Bob an oblong piece of paper, which instructed the Hanover National Bank to pay Robert Evans, on order, the above-mentioned amount.

Bob was taken by surprise, as he had not expected to receive any compensation for the part he had acted in the affair.

"This is a lot of money, Mr. Sackman, to give me for so small a service," he said. "I really didn't look for anything, for I thought it my duty to try and catch that rascal and recover what I supposed was your property. I am very much obliged to you for treating me in such a liberal way. If I can be of any further service to you at any time I hope you will call on me, for I feel as if I have not earned such a valuable present."

"Not earned it? Why, of course you have. Don't you see that if that man had escaped scot free the \$5,000 would have been in all likelihood lost to me forever? You are easily entitled to ten per cent. of it, and I should feel that I hadn't treated you right if I gave you any less."

Bob thanked him again, and in a few minutes returned to his own office, feeling like a small capitalist.

Mr. Sackman called for him at half-past one to take him up to the Tombs Police Court, where they both had to appear at the examination of the man with the black mustache.

When the rascal was haled before the magistrate he gave his name as Dunstan Leach, but refused to say where he lived.

The evidence was sufficient to hold him for the action of the grand jury.

The magistrate fixed his bail at \$3,000, whereupon a big politician, who was in court, qualified in real estate for that amount, and Leach was liberated for the time being.

Mr. Sackman and Bob returned to Wall Street.

At half-past three Bob met Joe.

Both lads were through work for the day.

"I see afternoon papers have printed the story of the Sackman assault and your capture of the villain," said Joe, pulling a copy of one of the evening papers out of his pocket and pointing the article out to Bob. "There's your name, as large as life, and you're given full credit for the capture. Nothing like becoming a person of importance in this world, then when you die you'll have your obituary in all the newspapers."

Bob eagerly read the account, and he wondered what his mother and sister would say when they saw it, too.

"The chap who wrote that up has more in it than actually occurred," said Bob. "He says I had a desperate life-and-death struggle in the corridor of the William street building."

"Well, didn't you?"

"Oh, I had considerable of a struggle with the fellow, but I never considered that I was in any danger from him. He didn't draw a knife or a gun on me."

"He might have done you up if the detective hadn't come quick."

"Oh, I don't know. I had him dead to rights. He was down and I was astride of him. He'd have had his work cut out to have gotten the best of me after that. By the way, Joe, what about that tip you were telling me about?"

"You said it was no use to you."

"I know I did; but Mr. Sackman gave me a present for saving his \$5,000, and that alters my financial condition."

"How much did he give you? A hundred dollars?"

"Five hundred."

"Whew! That's a small fortune. Do you want to put some of it up on that tip?"

"I thought I would, as you say it's a sure winner."

"You can take my word that it's all of that. Well, the stock is M. & C. I have bought 10 shares on margin. It's going at 45."

"Then, I'm game for 100 shares. That will cost me \$450. The other fifty I'll take home to my mother."

"Gee! You're a plunger," said Joe, admiringly.

"Wouldn't you risk that amount on it?"

"Bet your boots I would if I had it. You stand to win \$1,500. Mr. Bartels, who gave me the tip, told me it would go up from fifteen to twenty points inside of ten days."

"I'm willing to risk the \$450 any day to win that amount."

"Well, you've got just about time to go to the bank on Nassau street, where I made my deal this morning, before the brokerage department closes. Come on."

Bob and his friend started for the bank at once.

There was nobody in the waiting-room when they reached the bank.

"That's the margin clerk's window yonder," said Joe. "Step right up and tell him what you want to do."

Bob presented himself at the window.

"Well," said the clerk, "what can I do for you?"

"I want to buy 100 shares of M. & C. stock. It closed at 45," replied Bob.

"It will cost you \$450 on the usual margin. Did you bring the money?"

"Yes," replied the young messenger, who had already cashed Mr. Sackman's check.

He counted out \$50 from the roll, put it in his pocket and handed the balance to the clerk.

"Who do you represent, young man?" asked the clerk.

"Myself."

"This is your own money, then?" said the clerk, looking hard at him.

"That's what it is."

"What's your name, and where do you work?"

Bob told him.

The clerk made a note of both, then counted the money, and finding it all right he filled in a memorandum of the transaction and handed it to Bob.

"Can I telephone you when I want to close the deal out?"

"No. You will have to come here in person and present that paper."

"Couldn't I send it?"

"Yes, with a written order. Just write your signature on that pad so we will be able to identify your signature if you send us an order to sell your shares."

Bob wrote his name in full, and that completed the transaction.

Then the boys left the bank and started for their homes.

CHAPTER IV.

BOB CLEARS A HANDSOME PROFIT ON HIS FIRST VENTURE.

Bob now had a personal interest in the ticker and began to consult it frequently, after he had made his investment in M. & C. shares.

Joe did the same on his own account.

During the next four days there was nothing encouraging to note about the stock in question, unless it was the fact that a large number of shares seemed to be dealt in at the Exchange, which did not greatly affect the price, as Bob thought it ought to.

Altogether, it had advanced in that time three-eighths of a point, about enough to cover the charges that Bob would have to pay if he concluded to sell out then.

But he had no intention of closing out the transaction.

He was in it to make money, and he could afford to await results.

On the morning of the fourth day, Bob found an excuse to go into Mr. Sackman's office, not to see that gentleman, but to have a talk with Dora.

He judged that after what he had done for her boss there wouldn't be any kick about his running in for a moment, once in a while.

Both girls were at their desks and seemed glad to see him.

Their desks were on opposite sides of the room, and Bob went over to Dora's.

"As I haven't seen you since the last time, I thought I'd drop in to see if you were still alive," was the way the boy put it.

"Oh, we're alive, very much so," laughed Dora.

"And wide-awake, too," he chuckled.

"We have work enough to keep us from falling asleep. I see you wear the same hat you had the other day," Dora added.

"Why not?" asked Bob, rather puzzled.

"After what the newspapers said about you lately I didn't know but you would have to get a new and bigger hat," she replied, with a roguish, sidelong glance.

"Thought I'd get a swelled head, eh?"

"Some boys do on much less than that."

"I hope you don't compare me with that kind of boy."

Dora laughed and went on rattling away at her typewriter.

"Say, I came in to tell you something," he said.

"Did you? One of your secrets?"

"It is a secret, in a way. Nobody knows about it but Joe Vincent, the fellow I introduced to you the other morning."

"Then, do tell me. I do love to learn a secret," she said, with an interested expression.

"Will you keep it to yourself?"

"Of course I will."

"I don't believe a girl can keep a secret."

"Why, the idea! And you have a sister, too! Aren't you mean to say such a thing?"

"Well, I haven't said you couldn't keep one. What I came to tell you is this: I got hold of some money the other day and I bought 100 shares of that stock you heard Joe say he had a tip on."

"A hundred shares! How much is it worth?"

"About \$45.35 a share this morning."

"Why, that's \$4,535. Where did you get all that money?" asked Dora, in astonishment.

"I didn't say I had so much money. I bought the stock at 45, and put up ten per cent. as marginal security, so it cost me \$450 to get control of the 100 shares."

"Well, even \$450 is a lot of money."

"To persons like myself it is. Mr. Sackman gave me \$500 for saving his \$5,000. That accounts for my possession of so much wealth."

"And you went and put nearly all of it into stocks? You foolish boy!"

"Thanks, Miss Dora, but that's where I differ with you. I expect to make \$1,500 out of the deal."

"Do you really think you have any chance of doing that?" she said, opening her pretty eyes very wide.

"I certainly do."

"What is the name of this stock you invested in?"

"That I can't tell you. I'm under orders from Joe not to say a word about it."

"I think you might tell me," pouted Dora.

"You wouldn't ask me to go back on my word, would you?"

"No, of course not. So you really think you're going to make money out of your venture?"

"Joe and I both expect to. When we cash in we're going to bring both you girls a box of the best chocolates, and treat you to all the ice-cream soda you can drink."

"My goodness! How liberal! Lily and I will get our sweet tooth in good working order so that when the good times arrive we'll be able to do justice to the occasion," laughed Dora. "When is it to be?"

"Maybe in a week."

"What! You expect to make \$1,500 in a week?"

"Why not? Some people make a million or two in a day. Well, I must leave you now. Tell Miss Lily that Joe sends his best regards to her."

"I will. Good-by."

Bob returned to his office just in time to be sent out again on another errand.

When he got back a glance at the ticker showed him that M. & C. had advanced to 46.

"Well, I'm about \$100 to the good, anyway," he said to himself, with a feeling of great satisfaction. "I'd like to see it go up a few more points to-day."

As the market was pretty buoyant, anyway, his wish was realized to some extent.

M. & C. was selling at 47 at noon, at 48 at two o'clock, and it closed at 48 5-8 at three o'clock.

"Your \$450 looks pretty safe, with \$300 on top of it," said Joe, when he met Bob that afternoon after office hours.

"That's what it does," replied Evans. "We seem to be the people this time."

"I told you M. & C. was a winner."

"We'd better not shout before we're out of the woods, Joe. We'd feel mighty solemn if the market slipped a cog to-morrow or next day and our stock dropped down near 40."

"I don't think there's much danger of that happening."

"You never can tell what may happen in Wall Street. The best tips in the world have been known to land people in the poorhouse."

"Oh, come now, don't try to frighten a fellow. My \$45 looks just as big to me as your \$450 does to you. If I lost it I'd have a fit."

"I wouldn't have a fit if I lost mine, though I'd feel pretty sore. I don't want to scare you, only let you know what everybody is up against when he goes into the market. Whenever easy money is to be made the risk is proportionately large."

"All the brokers seem to make money all the time."

"Oh, there are times when they drop a whole lot, but, of course, you never hear about it. I imagine that conservative brokers, with a good run of customers, don't take many chances with the market."

"I thought they always speculated more or less."

"It is much safer to let the public speculate and rake in the commissions. If I was a broker that's the way I'd look at it."

Next day was kind of slow on the market, the prices generally remaining rather stationary.

Two days afterward it was rumored about the Street that M. & C. had gobbled up a competing line, and this report had a favorable effect on the price of M. & C. shares, which began to advance rapidly to 55.

At that point the news was officially confirmed, and then there was a big rush in earnest by brokers on all sides to buy in anticipation of much higher prices.

But the bulk of the shares being held by a wealthy syndicate, who knew all about what was going to happen beforehand, the stock was hard to get.

As a consequence, the stock rose like a balloon suddenly released from its moorings, and that afternoon bids of 65 were made and refused by those holding the stock.

Next morning the Exchange was a scene of the greatest excitement, as shares began to come out at 67 and upward.

Bob concluded that it was time to get out from under.

When he went out on an errand that took him within half a block of the bank in Nassau street, he dropped in at the brokerage department and ordered his holdings in M. & C. closed out, leaving an order from Joe to the same effect.

Inside of ten minutes both of the boys were out of it, with nothing to do but figure up their profits on the deal.

They didn't know until the next day, after a partial slump had set in, just what their shares had brought, though they had a general idea.

Their statements showed that Bob had cleaned up \$2,800, while Joe had made \$280, and after business hours they held a jollification meeting in the corridor.

On the following day, Dora White and Lily Page got a two-pound box of candy each with the promise of unlimited ice-cream soda.

Bob gave his mother \$250 to buy herself and Elsie whatever they wanted in the way of new raiment and other things they might fancy.

This left him with \$2,500, which he put in an envelope and stowed away in the office safe, where it would be handy in case another good thing came his way.

CHAPTER V.

BOB TAKES A TRIP DOWN LONG ISLAND AND MEETS WITH A SURPRISE.

Mr. Lawrence Sackman was a real estate lawyer, whose principal business consisted of the management of large estates, and the care of property left in his hands either for sale or to be looked after while the owner and his family were away on extended pleasure trips.

One day he sent his office boy into Mr. Danforth's office to tell Bob Evans that he wished to see him, so the young messenger went in to see what he wanted.

"To-morrow being the 30th of May, you will have a holiday," said Mr. Sackman.

"That's right," replied Bob, wondering what the lawyer was getting at.

"Would you like to earn a \$10 bill and do me a favor at the same time?"

"I'm ready to do you a favor, whether there's a \$10 bill in it or not," replied Bob, promptly.

"Thank you, Bob. I appreciate your willingness to be of service to me. The \$10 bill in this case will not come out of my pocket. I want to take you with me down to Bay-point, Long Island, where I have charge of a country place belonging to a client of mine. He and his family are, and have been for some months, on an extended tour of Europe. I have a man and wife, very worthy people, as caretakers on the property, but I make it a practice of going down there about once a month to go over the house and place to see that everything is all right. My clerk, who always accompanies me on these jaunts, is ill and cannot go, so I thought, if you didn't mind sacrificing, in a measure, your holiday, I'd rather take you with me than a comparative stranger. We shall stay overnight and return on Friday morning. You had better tell Mr. Danforth that you may be an hour late in reaching the office, and ask his permission to avail yourself of my offer."

"I'll do that," replied Bob.

"Meet me at my house, there's the address, not later than eight o'clock in the morning, as I want to take the 9.10 train for Sayville."

"All right, sir. I'll be on hand."

Ten minutes before eight on the following morning Bob rang the bell at Mr. Sackman's residence in Madison avenue, and was admitted by a neatly dressed maid.

"I see you're on time, my boy," said Mr. Sackman. "Promptness is what I always look for from those with whom I make a business or pleasure engagement, for I have made it an invariable rule to keep my own appointments to the letter. I consider it an indispensable matter under all circumstances."

In a few minutes they left the house, walked to the Thirty-fourth street ferry and crossed the river to the Long Island Railroad depot, where they boarded the train that was to take them to Sayville.

In due time they reached that town, where a carriage was in waiting to carry them to their destination.

A tall, ornamental iron gate, flanked by a small cottage, where the caretaker lived, admitted them to a fine, wide driveway, bordered by shade-trees, that led to the mansion, built upon an elevated section of the ground, commanding an unobstructed view of Great South Bay.

An excellent lunch awaited them, to which both did justice, and then Mr. Sackman proceeded to business.

He made a tour of the house with Bob, who carried a schedule of the contents of the mansion, and checked off each item as the lawyers called it off.

There was a large safe in the library.

This was opened and inspected by Mr. Sackman, who found, as he expected, that everything was exactly as it had been at his last visit.

When they were done with the house, they went over the grounds to see that the man in charge had neglected nothing within his line of duty.

There was a small, private wharf on the property, with a boathouse, and the last thing Mr. Sackman did was to look into this house to see that the sailboat was all right, and everything in its place, as it ought to be.

"Is that a windmill yonder, Mr. Sackman?" asked Bob, as they were leaving the boathouse.

He pointed off down along the shore.

"It's the remains of one," replied the lawyer. "A relict of pre-Revolutionary days, when quite a number of Dutchmen lived in this part of the island."

"How old do you suppose it is?"

"All of a hundred and fifty years."

"I think I should like to go and look it over. It doesn't appear to be more than a mile away."

"Well, you have plenty time to do that if you wish to. Tea won't be ready for a couple of hours. You ought to be able to go there and back and see all you want to see in that time."

"It won't take me so long as that."

"You'll probably find me sitting on the piazza when you return," said the lawyer, as Bob started off in the direction of the ancient windmill.

He followed the shore of the bay until, when within a short distance of his destination, he found his way blocked by the mouth of a small creek, which he could not cross without a boat.

"I'm afraid I can't go any further," he said to himself, disappointedly. "Too bad, for I'm curious to see what the inside of that old mill looks like."

He glanced along the creek, which was profusely bordered with reeds and other kinds of water vegetation.

"Maybe I can find a bridge somewhere up near the mill," he thought.

With this idea he decided to keep on along the bank of the sluggish stream.

After following the stream for perhaps a quarter of a mile it swung around toward the shore, with a broad sweep, and then, to his great satisfaction, he discovered that the windmill, after all, was on the same side of the creek that he was.

"I never would have thought that from down yonder," he mused, as he kept on.

All was lonesome and silent about the old mill, which was a wooden structure of two stories, and a kind of loft covered with a peaked roof, the whole, including the four ponderous, naked wings, that once drove the machinery within, in an excellent state of preservation.

The doorway stood wide open, and Bob walked inside and looked around, with boyish curiosity.

The place was quite bare—nothing to see but the four walls, the flooring and a stairway at one end, leading to an opening in the ceiling.

Of course, Bob determined to see what was upstairs, and he was soon standing on the second floor, which was equally bare as the ground floor.

There was another opening in the ceiling of that floor, communicating with the loft, but as there was no means of reaching it, Bob could not pursue his investigations any further in that direction.

On the whole, the old mill did not pan out as he had expected it would, and he was rather disappointed.

"It isn't so much, after all, but, judging from the number of initials cut around in the woodwork, a good many sight-seers come here. I'll just add my own 'B. E.' to the bunch, and then I'll get back to the Harper place."

Bob got his knife out and carved his two initials on a bare place.

"That shows I've been here, at any rate," he said.

Then he returned to the ground floor.

Throwing one last glance around the place, he saw what he hadn't noticed during his first survey—the outline of a door, with a keyhole, but no knob.

"That leads into a closet, I suppose," he mused. "I wonder if it's locked?"

He took out his knife, and inserting the big blade in the crack near the keyhole, found no difficulty in prying it open.

A large and dusty closet stood revealed, with a window in it thickly covered by cobwebs.

In the floor was a trapdoor, which worked on hinges, and there was a ring at one end by which it could be raised.

What immediately struck Bob as peculiar was that while the floor all around was thickly covered with dust, which looked as if it had been trampled over, the trap itself was almost clear of the same.

His curiosity was excited, and he determined to see what was under the floor.

He had no trouble in lifting the trap, and found a rude stairway below leading down into Stygian darkness.

He went down a few steps and then flashed a match around.

By the light he could make out a cellar, which extended under the whole of the mill.

Descending the stairs to an earthy flooring, he lit another match and proceeded to survey the place.

A portion of the cellar was choked up with debris, and there were several boxes of different sizes scattered around, on the biggest one of which stood a lantern with a bit of candle in it.

Beside it were a couple of good china plates, with scraps of food on them, two cups and two saucers, two knives, two forks, and two spoons.

On another box was a small oil-stove, and an oil-can on the ground beside it.

In one corner was a rude couch, large enough to accommodate two persons, on which lay a pair of blankets and a couple of soft bundles that answered for pillows.

There were many other signs also showing that the place was, or had been recently, occupied by a brace of lodgers—possibly tramps.

Bob took the liberty of lighting the lantern, as furnishing a better illumination than a match, and with that in hand he made a complete survey of the cellar.

In the rear of the place he found a shovel standing against the wall, and evidences near by that the earth had been lately disturbed.

"Somebody has been digging here, that's plain to be seen," he said to himself. "What could they have been digging here for, or perhaps they buried something? Well, it's none of my business. Besides, I haven't time to investigate any further."

He blew out the light, replaced the lantern on the box, just as he had found it, remounted the steps, shut down the trap, and pushed open the closet door.

As he stepped out into the room a man confronted him—a man whom, to his great surprise, he instantly recognized.

It was Dunstan Leach, the rascal who had assaulted and robbed Mr. Sackman some weeks since in his Wall Street office, and was now out on bail pending his trial for the crime.

CHAPTER VI.

BOB FINDS HIMSELF UP AGAINST IT.

The recognition was mutual, and Leach started back, with a smothered imprecation.

"So it's you, is it?" he exclaimed, glaring at the boy.

"Well, what of it?" retorted Bob, looking him squarely in the eye.

"Why, you young monkey—" he began, raising his fist, and then he stopped. "What brings you down to this neighborhood?" he went on, in a compressed voice.

"This is a free country, I guess," replied Bob, coolly; "and I have as much right to be here as anywhere else."

"You're a Wall Street messenger boy. I want to know what brought you down to this part of Long Island?"

"You've got a pretty tall nerve, I must say. However, I don't mind telling you that I came down on business."

"What business?"

"I don't recognize your right to inquire into my affairs," retorted Bob, coldly.

Leach uttered an angry snort and looked as if nothing would suit him better than to strike the boy to the floor.

If he had any such intention he managed to curb it.

"Why are you spying around this mill?" he asked, in an ugly voice. "You didn't come here for nothing, I'll bet."

"That's true enough," replied Bob. "I came over here to look at this old mill."

"Oh, you did, eh?"

"Yes, I did."

"I suppose you expect me to believe that cock-and-bull story," sneered Leach.

"I'm not worrying myself about whether you believe it or not, as I guess my business is not yours."

"You're putting on a lot of airs for a chap of your size and years," snarled Leach. "I s'pose you think because you got the best of me in Wall Street that you can ride rough-shod over me down here. Well, you'll find that it won't work, see? I have got it in for you for butting into my business and queering me that morning, and I make it a point always to pay my debts. Such smart alecks as you require a taking-down once in a while to teach them to mind their own business and not other people's."

"I don't want anything to do with you, Dunstan Leach," said Bob, starting to move away.

"Well, I want something to do with you. Now that you've put yourself in a position where I can square the score between us, I'm going to do it," said Leach, putting out his hand and detaining him.

"I'd advise you to let me alone," replied Bob, drawing back, aggressively.

"I suppose you think I can't master you, eh?" said Leach, advancing on him in a threatening way.

"If you do it will be after a fight," replied the boy, resolutely.

"I don't think you'll get the chance to put up much of a fight," replied Leach, springing at him.

Bob jumped aside and tried to make a dash for the door.

Leach was too quick for him, and the two closed in a struggle for the mastery.

While they were struggling to and fro across the floor, trying to throw each other, another man appeared at the doorway.

He was a stocky, tough-looking chap, whose pock-marked features were partially covered with a two weeks' growth of stubby beard.

A shabby hat sat upon a closely cropped bullet head, supported by a thick, bull neck, springing from a pair of broad shoulders.

He was evidently surprised at what he saw, but did not lose much time in coming to the assistance of Leach, which showed that the two were associates.

Of course, as soon as he laid hands on Bob, the lucky boy had no further show in the scrap.

"Hold onto him, Stidger, till I can get something to tie him with," said Leach.

"What do you want to tie him for? What's he been doing?" asked the other.

"This is the boy that did me up in Wall Street. I would have gotten clean off with Sackman's \$5,000 in gold only for him."

"You don't say! So this is the boy, eh?" said Stidger, regarding Bob with no little curiosity. "He's a spunky-looking rooster. What's he doin' here in the mill? He belongs in New York, doesn't he?"

"He's spying around the place."

"What!" roared Stidger, fiercely. "Spyin', eh?"

"Yes, I caught him coming out of that door."

"What were you doin' in that place, you young monkey?" grated Stidger, swinging Bob around.

"What's that your business?" replied the boy. "You don't own this mill."

"Look here, I'll twist your neck for you if you talk to me in that way. Were you down in the cellar?"

"Yes, I was down in the cellar. What of it?"

Bob's nerve and coolness seemed to stagger the bull-neck rascal.

"Well, you had no business down there."

"I have as much right to go down there as you two have," replied Bob, who was now assured that Leach and Stidger were the free lodgers of the old mill.

"What did you see there?" snarled Stidger.

"What do you suppose a person could see in a dark hole like that?"

Stidger appeared to be relieved somewhat by the boy's non-committal reply.

"There ain't nothin' to be seen," he said.

"Then what are you kicking about?" asked Bob. "You two seem to be making a big rumpus over nothing. I came over to this old mill just to look at it, because I heard it

was more than a hundred years old. It's deserted, so anybody has a right to go over it from roof to cellar if he wants to. That's what I've been doing, and I didn't figure on any one stopping me, as there's no signs posted up warning people away. So now you know why I'm here, though I don't know that it's any business of yours, one way or the other. Now I want you to take your hands off me and let me go, or you'll find yourself in trouble."

"What trouble will we find ourselves in?" sneered Leach.

"Mr. Sackman knows I came over to this mill, and if I don't return in a reasonable time he'll be over here looking for me."

"Mr. Sackman, eh? What's he doing down in this part of the country?"

"You'd better go over to Mr. Harper's and ask him," retorted Bob, in a sarcastic tone. "You'll find him on the piazza if you go right away."

Leach and Stidger exchanged glances, and seemed interested in Bob's words.

"Did you come down here from New York with Sackman?" asked Leach.

"I did."

"What brought Sackman to the Harper place? The house is shut up," said Leach, in evident surprise.

"What business is that of yours? You seem uncommonly interested in the movements of Mr. Sackman and myself," said Bob, beginning to suspect that there was something at the bottom of Leach's persistent attempts to discover the reason for the presence of himself and the lawyer in that neighborhood.

Dunstan Leach glared at the boy.

"I'll fix you all right in about a minute," he said, vindictively, making a move toward the closet door.

At that moment Bob became conscious that Stidger's grip on his arms had relaxed, and, taking instant advantage of the circumstance, he broke away and made a dash for the door.

The bull-necked rascal was after him in a moment, but Bob was fleet of foot and soon distanced him.

Stidger, after following the boy for a quarter of a mile, gave up the chase and returned to the mill, while Bob kept on toward the Harper property, and inside of fifteen minutes rejoined Mr. Sackman on the piazza of the house.

"What's the matter, Bob?" asked the lawyer. "You look overheated, as if you'd been running."

"I have been running," replied the young messenger.

"What occasioned your hurry?" asked Mr. Sackman, curiously.

"You'd never guess, so I'll tell you. I met with quite an adventure over at that old mill."

"Indeed?"

"You'd never dream who I came across there."

"Somebody you know?"

"Somebody that we both know rather too well, I guess."

"You excite my curiosity. Who was it?"

"The rascal who assaulted you in your office and ran off with your satchel containing the \$5,000 in gold—Dunstan Leach."

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed Mr. Sackman, in a tone of astonishment.

"I do mean it," answered Bob, who then told the lawyer all the particulars of his meeting with Leach and his tough companion.

"So that rascal and another chap are making the cellar of the old mill their headquarters, eh?" said Mr. Sackman.

"It looks like it," replied Bob.

"Maybe Leach is planning to jump his bail on the case we have against him when he's called for trial. The grand jury will reach the case in a few days, and after hearing our testimony is bound to return an indictment."

"If that is his purpose I guess he'll change his quarters now that he knows I am onto him."

"Probably; but it won't do any harm to notify the Sayville authorities of the character of these two fellows in their midst so that they can be on the lookout for them on general principles."

"That's right," replied Bob.

At that moment they were called to tea and both adjourned to the dining-room.

Next morning they started for Sayville to catch the early train for New York.

Mr. Sackman took the trouble to look up the head constable of the village, but found that that official had gone to Riverhead, where the county jail was.

He failed to locate one of the other constables before train-time, so he had to give the matter up for the present.

"I'll send a letter containing all the particulars to the head constable as soon as I reach my office. That will answer as well," he remarked to Bob.

A few hours later both were back in Wall Street, attending to business.

Mr. Sackman, however, forgot to write the letter in question.

CHAPTER VII.

BOB SPOILS A CROOKED GAME AND IS SUITABLY REWARDED.

Next morning Bob ran into Mr. Sackman's office for a few minutes to see Dora.

"How did you enjoy your short trip to Long Island?" asked the stenographer, with a smile.

"Fine," replied Bob. "I earned \$10 by helping Mr. Sackman with his examination of Mr. Harper's property."

"But you missed that baseball game at the Polo Grounds you and your friend were going to," she laughed.

"I'm willing to miss any ball game for \$10. Business before pleasure is my motto always. How did you put in the day?"

"Lily and I took a long trolley ride up to Mamaroneck," she answered. "It's a trip we've been looking forward to for some time."

"Have a good time?"

"Splendid."

"The next time you girls want to take such a ride, let Joe and me take you, will you?" asked Bob, eagerly.

"You are very kind to suggest it," replied Dora, flashing one of her fetching, sidelong glances at the young messenger.

"Say, do you object to taking such a ride next Sunday?"

"If Lily will go I might agree to it."

Bob immediately put it up to her friend across the room, telling her that Joe would be pleased to death to accompany her.

The proposition put both girls in a flutter, but neither could be induced to give a decided answer then.

"I'll let you know by Saturday," said Dora, and Bob had to be contented with that.

When Bob told Joe about the invitation he had given the girls to take a trolley ride, he was delighted.

"Do you think they'll go?" he asked, eagerly.

"I think they will."

"Gee! That suits me right down to the ground floor. Where shall we go?"

"I'm going to propose to take the ferry over to Fort Lee, and the cars from that place out. How does that strike you?"

"It strikes me all right. I don't care where we go as long as Lily goes."

"That's what I supposed. It's the girls and not the ride that interests us. Isn't that so?" grinned Bob.

"Bet your life it is."

That afternoon Mr. Danforth sent Bob with a message to a wholesale jewelry establishment on Maiden Lane.

The broker had ordered a handsome diamond brooch to be made for his wife as a birthday present, and he was anxious to find out if it would be ready on time.

Bob was instructed to return with a definite answer.

When he reached the store the man he had to see was engaged with a lady in swell attire to whom he was showing a tray of diamonds.

She seemed hard to please, and Bob sat on a stool near by to await his turn.

The lady was such an attractive woman that his eyes wandered frequently toward her, and he noticed that during the critical examination of the gems she was handling that on one occasion she distracted the clerk's attention for a moment and then put her hand under the outside molding of the counter, where she let it remain a moment.

He thought nothing of the circumstance, and after a time the lady decided that none of the diamonds pleased her and started to leave the store.

The sharp-eyed salesman immediately noticed that one of the most valuable diamonds was missing from the tray.

His suspicions were immediately aroused, and he called the lady back, making a quick signal to one of the other employees, who went and stood in the doorway.

Bob stepped to the counter as the lady returned in a haughty way.

"Madam," said the salesman, politely but firmly, "haven't you made a mistake?"

"A mistake, sir! What do you mean?" she demanded, with a flash of her eye.

"Haven't you accidentally retained one of those diamonds I was just showing you?"

"Sir! Do you mean to insult me?"

"Not at all, madam," replied the gentleman, who happened to be the junior partner of the firm, and whose specialty was unset diamonds. "But one of the stones—the one, I may say, that I observed attracted your eye more than any of the others—is missing."

"Do you dare infer that I have stolen your diamond?" she demanded, indignantly.

"Perhaps it accidentally dropped into your small wallet. Would you oblige me by looking for it?"

"My wallet was not open, sir. Your insinuation is an outrage, and you shall pay dearly for insulting me. My husband, sir, will demand an explanation and an apology."

"I am sorry, madam, but I am afraid the diamond is in your possession, and unless you give it up it will be necessary to search you."

Bob stood by, astonished at the proceedings.

He was satisfied in his own mind that the handsomely attired lady was innocent of the serious charge.

He had been watching her most of the time, and was sure that she had not opened her wallet, nor put her hand in her pocket.

Nor had she placed her hand on any part of her clothes, or lifted her fingers to her mouth.

Consequently, to his inexperienced judgment of diamond crooks, he did not see how she could have the diamond in her possession.

The lady made a big kick against the threatened indignity, but the salesman was inexorable.

Suddenly turning to Bob, she said:

"Young man, you were present while I was standing here, and I call on you as a witness that this man has grossly insulted me. I want your name and address. Will you oblige me with it?"

"Certainly, ma'am," replied Bob.

He took out one of Mr. Danforth's cards and, writing his name on it, handed it to her.

"Thank you. You shall be rewarded. Now, sir, you may search me if you choose."

The head of the house was now on the scene, and the junior partner, after an explanation of the circumstances, turned the lady over to him.

He invited her into his private office, and sent for his stenographer, who was educated in the role that was sometimes required of her.

Bob now handed his note to the diamond salesman.

The gentleman read it and told him to wait till he went upstairs to the workroom.

While he was waiting, the lady re-entered the store from the office, with a triumphant smile on her face, and passed out of the store, with great dignity, entering a carriage in waiting at the curb and was driven off.

Bob heard one of the clerks remark to another that he guessed the firm would be up against a suit for damages.

At that moment a stylishly dressed young man entered the store and went directly to the same place on the long counter lately occupied by the lady.

A clerk hastened to wait on him, and he asked to see some diamond rings.

While the clerk was opening the glass case to get a tray of them, Bob saw the man put his hand under the molding of the counter, just as the lady did, and run it along several inches.

Then his fingers seemed to close over something, and he casually put his hand in the pocket of his sack coat and withdrew his handkerchief.

Like a flash it struck Bob that he saw through the whole game which had been played under his eyes.

Some months before he had read in a paper of a woman in Chicago who had brought suit against a diamond merchant for being accused of stealing a valuable gem that was not found on her person when she was searched.

She got a verdict for several thousand dollars.

A shrewd detective, however, was put on the case and the diamond was subsequently found in her possession.

It developed that the woman, on entering the store, had attached a wad of gum to the molding of the counter, into

which she had covertly managed to convey the diamond in question.

After her departure a man confederate had entered, and while being waited on had detached the gum, put it in his pocket and departed, without making any purchase.

Bob was so excited at the discovery that he had made that he couldn't await the return of the junior partner, but asked to see the head of the house.

He hastened into the private office and laid his suspicions before the gentleman, who acted at once.

The dapper young man was asked to walk into the private room.

He took alarm at such an unusual request, and started to leave the store, but was headed off by Bob and another clerk.

The young messenger, in the proprietor's presence, put his hand into the man's pocket and pulled out a thick wad of gum.

The diamond was found sticking in the gum.

A policeman was sent for and the swell crook given in charge.

Bob was highly complimented for his instrumentality in recovering the gem, which was worth \$6,000, and was rewarded with a check for \$500.

Then he returned to the office, with a note in his pocket for his boss, and very well pleased with the result of his visit to Maiden Lane.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HERO IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

Of course, the incident got into the newspapers, and Bob was made out to be a bright and observing young chap, with the instincts of a born detective.

Many of the brokers who knew him well slapped him on the back when they met him on the street and told him that they thought he must have missed his true calling in life.

Mr. Danforth complimented him, and laughingly remarked that his visit to Maiden Lane had turned out to be the most profitable errand he had ever executed in his life.

"Yes, sir, I guess it was," chuckled Bob. "I wish you had a few more of that kind to send me on. When it comes to making money, I'm on the job."

"Well, here, take this note down to Broker Smith in the Mills Building. Maybe you'll be able to pick up a tip, or a pocketbook, or a lost bank-book, or something of that kind before you get back," laughed the broker.

"If I could choose between the lot, I'd prefer to find a good tip, for there's money in those things," replied Bob, leaving the room, getting his hat and rushing off.

"Where are you going now, Detective Bob?" asked Joe, meeting him at the door of the elevator.

"Mills Building."

"So long, then. I wouldn't be surprised if you did something to get your name in the paper before you got back."

"You seem to worry a good deal about me, Joe. Just forget it, will you?"

"You won't let a fellow, or the public either, forget you," replied Joe, grinning.

Bob sprang into the elevator, and was presently on the street.

Down Broad street he hustled till he reached the Mills Building, where he took an elevator for the fourth floor.

Broker Smith was engaged and Bob had to sit down and wait till he was disengaged, which was not long, and then he delivered his note.

"No answer," said the trader, and Bob left the office to return.

He stopped for a moment to watch the curb brokers, who seemed to be greatly excited over the sudden rise of some mining stock.

"I wouldn't mind being a broker myself," mused Bob, as he watched the traders. "Maybe I will be one some day. Practically, it's only a question of experience and money. I'm making the money by slow degrees and in line for the experience, so there is no telling but some day the frosted glass of an office door may read: 'Robert Evans, Stocks and Bonds.' When that day comes, if it ever does, I hope a certain very charming young lady will be in a position where I am entitled to pay her dressmaking, millinery and other bills."

When opposite the Stock Exchange he ran into Joe, bound on an errand to Exchange Place.

"Well, old man, you haven't done anything startling since I saw you last, have you?" he asked, with a chuckle.

"If you don't quit your kidding me, Joe, I'll put it all over you," replied Bob.

"Yes, you will! Why, you wouldn't hit me for a farm."

"Don't you be so sure of that. Once on a time there was a fellow just like you who took advantage of——"

That is as far as Bob got, for a great uproar at the head of Nassau street attracted not only his attention and Joe's, but every one else in the immediate neighborhood.

"What's up now?" asked Joe, in some excitement.

"A runaway, I'll bet," replied Bob. "See the people scattering."

There was no doubt what it was a moment later, for a wild-eyed horse, attached to a light buggy, shot out from Nassau street at breakneck speed and darted into Broad street.

As it came around the corner an electric-light post not only relieved it of the buggy, the front wheel of which caught and stuck fast, but also scraped every bit of the harness from its back.

More badly frightened than ever, the animal kept on its wild career, unchecked.

The beating of its hoofs on the pavement served as a danger signal, and there was a general scurrying of passing brokers and others in front of the Morgan Bank to get out of its way.

Without thinking of the danger, Bob dashed into the street and began waving his arms at the animal.

It paid no more attention to him than if he hadn't been there.

Then a sudden plan occurred to the boy, who seemed to be at home in anything in the gymnastic line.

Why he took the desperate risk that he did he never could afterward explain.

The plan simply flashed through his brain on the spur of the moment, and he put it into practice without a moment's thought.

He had noticed that the horse was heading straight for the big mass of excited curb brokers, and if it struck them somebody was bound to be done up.

He got ready to try to get on its back.

A crouch, a leap, and in another moment, amid a buzz of astonishment and admiration from hundreds of mouths, Bob caught its flying mane and alighted on the runaway's back.

Bob then seemed to realize the danger of his own situation, and knew that not a moment was to be lost in checking the animal before it either struck and penetrated the rope, which encircled the curb market, or slipped down on the street and sent him flying over its head onto the stone roadway.

Bob had read and was familiar with an old cowboy trick—a trick which it is said only daring riders can perform.

That was to cut off the horse's wind.

It was certainly a desperate expedient even for the daring boy to attempt on crowded Broad street.

Gripping the animal with his left leg, Bob grasped the mane with his left hand, swung out to one side and forward, and seized the horse by the nostrils with the other hand.

Fortunately for the hero of this story, the trick was brilliantly successful.

The moment the animal's breath was stopped it was obliged to slow down.

A tremendous shout of alarm went up from the mass of brokers at that moment.

They heaved and fought wildly to escape the danger they saw bearing down on them, but they had taken the alarm too late to have escaped the disaster but for Bob's magnificent feat.

One would have thought a fire or a riot was in progress from the way everybody in the neighborhood was running down Broad street after the flying horse.

Scores of windows were slammed up in the office building, and everybody looked for trouble.

They were disappointed.

The animal fetched up against the rope with just force enough to tear away one of the iron supports, and then it stopped—conquered by the plucky boy.

In a moment boy and horse were surrounded by a seething crowd that spread out from curb to curb.

Cheer after cheer went up when it was seen that nobody had been injured, not even the horse.

A score of hands were extended to grasp Bob's hand and shake it.

It was in that moment that many just said to testify their appreciation.

And amid it all Bob sat upright and smiled at the enthusiastic furore he was the recipient of.

He couldn't get away from it even if he had wanted to.

Practically, it was the proudest moment in his life.

He was a real hero, and that is what all boys hankered after.

A policeman finally rescued Bob, with a good deal of difficulty, from his prominent position, and took charge of the horse.

He had already been recognized by several brokers, who passed his name around, until it flew from mouth to mouth, and several persons had called for cheers for Bob Evans.

Bob had to fight his way out of the surging crowd, but he did not accomplish it before the curb brokers, wide awake now to his heroism, clustered about him, raised him on their shoulders, formed a procession, and with him at the head of the line paraded that special block in Broad street, amid the greatest enthusiasm.

A reporter, with a camera, happening along, took a snapshot of the scene, with Bob in the foreground, and next morning it appeared in a prominent daily, with a long story attached, the materials for which were subsequently obtained by other reporters, hurried by phone to the scene.

Bob was a long time getting back to his office that afternoon, and before he finally did show up, with his pockets filled with a miscellaneous assortment of bills contributed by the grateful curb traders, the news was also broken to Mr. Danforth, who was fairly dumfounded with astonishment at what his messenger boy had done.

All the clerks in the office were talking about the incident, as reported by eye-witnesses who came into the office.

Joe himself had seen the whole thing, of course, and forgot all about the errand he was bound on.

He hung around, watching the crowd, and the subsequent procession of the curb traders, bearing Bob aloft like a conquering hero.

The brokers themselves would have given anything to have had a hand to head that march.

However, they furnished the best music they could, in a vocal way.

At last Joe hurriedly performed his errand and then hurried back to the office to carry the news in to the girls, who were startled into a pitch of excitement over his graphic description of what had happened and was still happening in Broad street.

Well, it was all over at last, and Bob was permitted to escape.

He just kited back to the office, avoiding every one along the road as if they were afflicted with a pestilence.

He reported to Mr. Danforth, and what that gentleman said made him blush all over again.

He nearly had a scrap with Joe later on, because his chum tried to tell him what a hero he had made of himself.

Next morning every paper had a big account of the incident, and all day long he had to run a gantlet of well-meaning brokers, many of whom he had never met before in his life.

The glory he got out of that affair was enough to last an average person all his life, and his mother and sister were so proud of him that he had to call a halt to their enthusiasm on the subject.

The monetary result amounted to over \$500, and that with the \$500 he got out of the Maiden Lane matter made him worth \$2,500 all told.

What Dora and Lily said to him when they saw him we will not dwell on.

We are bound to say that he was delighted to have made himself a hero in Dora's eyes, and she was happy to believe that he appeared to think so much of her.

At any rate, she went with him on the trolley ride on the following Sunday, and Joe was on hand to see that Lily did not get left in any way.

They had a bang-up time, and Bob and Joe made arrangements for a continuance of the same at some time in the near future.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DOING-UP OF DUNSTAN LEACH AND BILL STIDGER.

On Monday morning, as Bob was riding down to his business, his eye came across a story in the paper that riveted his attention.

It was headed: "Mysterious Robbery at Oakdale, Long Island."

Then it went on to state that Major Stagg's home had

been invaded by thieves, who carried off a box of bonds and several thousand dollars' worth of silverware and jewelry.

There was no clue to the perpetrators of the crime, which had occurred during the small hours of Saturday night.

The story set Bob to thinking pretty hard, and his thoughts were connected in a strong way with Dunstan Leach and his bull-necked comrade, who looked to him like a jailbird, if he had ever seen one in print.

"A dollar to a doughnut that they're at the bottom of this," muttered Bob to himself. "Mr. Sackman will say the same, too."

As soon as the lawyer came down to his office, Bob went in to see him on the subject.

He agreed with Bob that Leach and Stidger were easily open to suspicion.

While they were talking a telegraph messenger came in and handed Mr. Sackman a dispatch.

When he tore it open and glanced over the few words it contained he jumped nearly two feet off his chair.

"Mr. Harper's place was looted last night," he said, excitedly, to Bob.

"What! You don't mean it!" exclaimed the astonished boy.

"That's what the dispatch says. It's from the caretaker. I must take the first train down there. I'd like you to come. Do you think Mr. Danforth can spare you?"

"I'll ask him, if you say so," said Bob.

"Do so," said the lawyer. "Has he come down yet?"

"He hadn't arrived when I left the office to come in here."

"Well, run in and see if he's there now."

Mr. Danforth had just come and was rather surprised at Bob's request.

He went in and saw the lawyer.

When he returned he told Bob he could go for the day.

Bob so reported to Mr. Sackman, and the two soon after left Wall Street for the Long Island depot in Brooklyn.

In due time they reached Sayville, where a conveyance was waiting to take them over to the Harper property.

They found the head constable of the village awaiting them.

He had already been over the house, taking note of the means the thieves had adopted to enter the house.

The lawyer, accompanied by Bob, with the property schedule, went over the place and a careful estimate of the loss was footed up.

It amounted to several thousand dollars, at a conservative figure.

The lawyer had a consultation with the constable, and it was decided to go over to the old mill and see what they could discover.

Bob, of course, went along to pilot the way to the cellar.

At the door of the mill they were surprised to see Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger seated in the shade of the building, contentedly smoking a pipe each.

That gave the constable the immediate impression that those rascals could hardly be the guilty parties.

Mr. Sackman and Bob, however, thought differently.

They simply regarded it as a piece of colossal nerve on the part of Leach and his associate.

At any rate, they proposed to call what they believed to be a bluff and see what came of it.

Leach and Stidger appeared to be surprised when the party halted before them.

"You seem to be strangers around here," said the constable. "Where are you putting up?"

"You mean where do we lodge?" asked Leach, innocently.

"Me and my friend here, being in temporary hard luck, are lodging at present in the cellar of this mill. Any harm in that?"

"If you have no visible means of support I shall have to arrest you both under the vagrant act."

"We're not vagrants, for we have some money," replied Leach, displaying several bills.

"Since you appear to have money, why are you living like tramps?" asked the constable, suspiciously.

"I thought this was a free country," replied Leach. "If we choose to save our money, instead of handing it over to some greedy farmer, haven't we a right to do it?"

"What object have you in remaining in this part of the country?" continued the constable, sharply.

"We're just passing the summer—taking an outing, as it were, for our health."

"Well, you'll have to accompany me before the justice. Your presence in this old mill is suspicious, if nothing else. You can explain your case to him. If he's willing to let

you stay here, well and good; but I don't believe he'll stand for it."

"It's mighty hard that the liberty of a free and enlightened American citizen should be interfered with by a country justice," replied Leach, in an injured tone, making no effort to rise.

"I'm not going to argue the matter with you, my man. Just get up, both of you, and come along with me."

Leach and Stidger rose with evident reluctance.

"Do you expect us to walk all the way to Sayville?" asked the chief rascal.

"No. I've a wagon about half a mile from here," replied the constable.

"All right. Lead on, we will follow."

"No, you won't. You will proceed first, where I can keep my eye on you."

"Are you going to treat us like criminals?" demanded Leach, in a tone of assumed indignation.

"I am going to treat you as I think you deserve," replied the officer. "Are you coming, Mr. Sackman?"

"We shall remain here a little while, and will meet you later at the house," replied the lawyer.

Leach flashed a keen glance at Mr. Sackman, whispered something to Stidger, and then started off with the constable.

"Now, you and I will take a look at the cellar and see what we can find down there," said the lawyer to Bob, as soon as they were alone.

"Very well, sir," answered the young messenger, leading the way into the mill and toward the door, without a handle, in the wall.

His knife pried it open, as before, then he pointed out the trapdoor.

Lifting that by the ring, the stairs were before them, and down they proceeded to the floor beyond.

Bob struck a match and they both looked around.

The place was not materially changed since Bob was there before.

The lantern stood on the same box, and Bob lighted the candle in it.

A careful search of the place revealed no traces of any concealed swag.

The shovel was not where Bob saw it before, and the spot where the earth had appeared to be disturbed was now hidden under a pile of rubbish.

"Well," remarked the lawyer, "if those rascals are really the thieves who robbed the Stagg and Harper houses, they've hidden their plunder quite successfully."

"I'll bet it's here, somewhere. I'm certain they are the guilty ones," said Bob.

"Oh, you are certain, are you?" said a voice behind them.

Bob and the lawyer started and turned about, only to receive a heavy blow alongside their heads that stretched them both half-stunned on the ground.

When they recovered from the shock they found their hands and feet bound and their eyes bandaged.

"This is what you git for buttin' in where it ain't none of your business," said a voice that Bob recognized as Bill Stidger's, and he wondered how the rascals had got away from the constable.

Neither of the prisoners opened his mouth in reply, and presently they felt themselves lifted and propped against the store wall of the cellar.

There they were left, and the two men were soon afterward heard talking at a distance.

"Are you there, Mr. Sackman?" asked Bob, in a low tone.

"Yes, Bob. We seem to be in a bad fix."

"You are tied and blindfolded, too, I s'pose?"

"I am."

"Those rascals seem to be digging at the further end of the cellar. Don't you hear a shovel?"

"Quite distinctly, Bob."

"I'll bet they're unearthing their plunder for the purpose of removing it."

"I dare say they are. I can't imagine how they got away from the constable."

"They must have jumped on him unawares and done him up."

"I'm afraid they did. It was a risky thing for them to attempt in open daylight."

"They knew what they had to expect if they were landed before a justice."

"They may leave us here in the cellar, helpless, after they take their stolen stuff away," said the lawyer, "and then what will become of us?"

"I expect that is what they mean to do. They wouldn't dare release us."

While they were talking, Bob was busy with his bonds, and by great good fortune succeeded in working one of his hands loose.

To draw out the other was easy, and then he cautiously lifted the bandage that was about his eyes so he could see with one eye.

He said nothing as yet about his good luck to the lawyer, but bided his time.

Stidger at the moment was carrying a small mahogany box up the cellar steps.

He disappeared, and then Bob heard his footsteps on the floor above.

While he was away Leach began to dig in a new spot, after clearing away some of the rubbish.

When Stidger returned, he picked up a bag of something heavy, which Leach lifted from the fresh hole and carried that out of the cellar also.

Leach then cleared more rubbish away and commenced digging again.

The work went on until half a dozen more sacks were removed from the cellar, Leach accompanying his companion in the last trip above.

Bob then thought it time to act.

He got out his knife, cut his feet loose, and then surprised Mr. Sackman by freeing him.

"Quick, now," said Bob. "Grab that billet of wood and I'll take this one. They have left the trap open, so we may expect them to come back. We'll hide under the stairs, and when they come down we must let them have it good and hard. You attend to Stidger and I'll tackle Leach. We must knock them out at the first blow, if we can."

They had hardly secreted themselves before back came the rascals.

As they reached the foot of the stairs, Bob and the lawyer sprang out upon them, and before either was aware of what was going to happen, they were laid out, stunned and bleeding, on the earth.

Bob lost no time in getting the ropes which had been used to bind their own limbs, and he and the lawyer used them on the two rascals.

Leaving them where they lay, both ran upstairs to the ground floor of the mill.

Going outside, they were surprised to find the constable's light wagon standing before the door.

Evidently, Leach and Stidger had gotten rid of the officer and run off with his rig.

Apparently, all their plunder was piled in the wagon.

It was clear that they had intended to take it away with them to some other place, if not to New York.

"Since we have this wagon at our disposal," said Bob, "we might as well load Leach and Stidger on it, too, and carry the outfit to Sayville. The police will insist on holding the stolen property as evidence until after the fellows are tried."

Mr. Sackman agreed to Bob's suggestion, and they carried the prisoners out of the cellar, one at a time.

Then they started for the village.

The head constable was found lying tied in a lonesome part of the road, and Bob speedily released him.

He explained that he had been suddenly attacked and over come by the rascals.

He took charge of the wagon, the plunder and the prisoners.

It took about an hour to reach the lock-up in the village, and the prisoners were handcuffed and placed in a cell.

An inventory was taken of the stolen property, and then Major Stagg and Mr. Sackman were each allowed to take his share away.

The lawyer gave Bob full credit for the capture of the thieves and the recovery of the stolen property, and Major Stagg expressed his gratitude by a \$1,000 check, payable to Bob's order, which Mr. Sackman afterward supplemented with another \$500.

The lawyer and Bob returned to New York by a late train.

CHAPTER X.

BOB GETS HOLD OF A TIP AND IS ON THE JOB WITH BOTH FEET.

The Long Island correspondents of the big metropolitan dailies sent in the story of the two robberies along the South Shore, the capture of the thieves and recovery of the stolen property by Bob Evans, with such assistance as Mr. Sack-

The efforts of brokers who wanted to buy the shares developed the fact that the stock was scarce, and word being circulated that a big trader had bought a block of 5,000 shares at one point above the market caused a big rush to buy next morning, so that by noon M. & S. was quoted at 62.

At two o'clock it had reached 65 and it finally closed at 68. "Shall we sell?" asked Joe, excitedly, when he met Bob at half-past three.

"I am going to leave my order at the bank to sell at 70," said Bob.

"Then I'm in on that. I've been on pins and needles all afternoon lest the price go to pieces at any moment. I'll bet there'll be a crash in a day or two at the outside. I never knew a stock boomed on a mystery that didn't go to pieces sooner or later. I'll be glad when I'm out of it."

"I see you're weakening, Joe," laughed Bob.

"Well, if I sell out now I'm sure of over \$700 profit, that will make me worth a thousand dollars, which is a whole lot for me. A bird in the hand is worth a whole flock in the bush, and don't you forget it," said Joe, wagging his head.

The boys left their order for the bank to close them out at 70, though Joe, if he hadn't been ashamed to do so before Bob, would have told the clerk to sell his forty shares first thing in the morning at the market.

M. & S. opened at 68 5-8, and reached 70 before ten, when, of course, the boys' holdings were disposed of by the bank's representative at the Exchange.

The stock went to 75 that day, and after that it suddenly fell back to 69, where it remained for a while, and then declined, by degrees, to 60.

Its subsequent fate had no special interest for either Bob or Joe.

They were in high feather over their winnings—Bob's being about \$20,500, and Joe's, \$825.

On the strength of it, the former presented Dora with a five-pound box of the best candy, which cost him a \$5 bill, while Joe did the same with respect to Lily Page.

Bob didn't forget his mother and sister, by any means.

He gave the former \$500 and the latter \$100.

"That's just pin-money," he said, with the air of a capitalist. "That \$5,000 has earned \$20,000 more for me inside of ten days; that's at the rate of \$2,000 a day—a good deal more than I make as a messenger boy."

His mother and sister were overwhelmed by his good fortune.

They simply couldn't understand how he had made so much money.

"Never mind how I made it, good folks," he chuckled. "Call it the market if you want to. I was just put wise to a rise, and there you are. Go and hunt up a nice little home in the Bronx, mother, and I'll pay for it for you. Then the landlord will be out of it as far as we are concerned. Now, do it right away, before I'm tempted into another deal that might not turn out so lucky."

Mrs. Evans took the hint and acted on it, and within thirty days Bob had to go down into his pocket and cough up \$5,000.

But he did it with a great deal of pleasure, for his mother was more to him than anything else in this world, and his sister came next, when he wasn't thinking of Dora White, who occupied a good share of his thoughts.

CHAPTER XI.

BOB, SENT TO SOUTHAMPTON, PICKS UP A POINTER ON THE WAY.

Bob went into Mr. Sackman's outer office now more frequently than ever, and Joe invented all kinds of excuses to run in there also.

Sometimes the boys met there.

At any rate, the girls were always on the lookout for one or both of them, either at noon, when they were eating their lunch, or after the boys were through work for the day.

Of course, Bob always hugged Dora's desk, while Joe found his attraction on the other side of the room.

During the summer they took the girls to different seaside resorts not far from the city, every Saturday afternoon, and spent money on them without stint.

In their estimation there was nothing too good for Dora and Lily, and the girls were satisfied that Bob and Joe were the princes of good fellows.

One morning, Bob, after boarding a subway express and sitting down in a corner to read the newspaper, was treated to a surprise.

Almost the first thing that attracted his attention was a good-sized paragraph, which stated that Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger had broken out of the Riverhead jail and were now at large.

"Gee! I'm sorry to learn that," said Bob to himself. "They're liable to get clean off, go West, maybe, and so escape punishment for their crimes."

He showed the story to Joe later on, and the boys wondered how the rascals had managed to escape.

"Some of those country lock-ups are little better than straw houses to clever crooks," said Joe. "They ought to keep such slippery chaps always handcuffed."

Bob went into Sackman's office to tell him the news, but the lawyer had seen the statement in the paper.

"Too bad," he said. "They should have been more watchful. However, the damage is done, and there isn't any use crying over spilt milk."

"Do you think the detectives will be able to capture them, sir?"

"It's a problem. Leach seems to have political backing, and that may help him to get off altogether. There is altogether too much politics in crime, to my way of thinking. The sentences pronounced on convicted rascals are too often inadequate, and carry little terror to the malefactors."

After that Bob watched the paper closely for some notice indicating that the escaped prisoners had been recaptured, but nothing of the kind appeared.

He was at length forced to believe that Leach and Stidger were not likely to be retaken.

August came around, and Dora and Lily got their two weeks' vacation together, Mr. Sackman shutting up the office and going down to Shelter Island, where his family were settled in a cottage since the last of June.

Bob and Joe felt decidedly lonesome without their charm-ers.

The girls had gone to Port Jefferson, on the north shore of Long Island, where Dora had an aunt, whose husband worked in one of the shipyards.

On Wednesday morning of the first week the boys each received a daintily written note from his particular divinity, telling him what a fine time they were having, but how much nicer it would be if Bob and Joe were there, too.

"Maybe you and Mr. Vincent could get off next Saturday night, at any rate," wrote Dora to Bob. "We'd just give anything to have you come. Now do try."

Bob showed the paragraph to his chum.

"Lily wrote me the same thing," said Joe, eagerly. "She said Dora's aunt would be very glad to have us come, and there's plenty room in the house to accommodate us."

"Let's go, Joe," said Bob. "I can get off all right; can you?"

"I guess I can manage it. I'll ask the boss before he leaves town this afternoon."

"Do so, and I'll strike Mr. Danforth, though it's only a matter of form."

The boys got the required permission, and each wrote his girl word that he would be down on the eight o'clock train on the following Saturday.

"We'll be right in it, Joe," chuckled Bob. "Port Jefferson, they say, is a dandy summer roosting spot, in a quiet way."

"We can go out boating on the bay there. You know the ropes, and I can give you a hand, after a fashion."

"Yes, we can do a whole lot of things between Saturday noon and Sunday night."

"Maybe we can go down on the following Saturday, too," remarked Joe, who was always looking ahead.

"I have no doubt we can. As Dora's aunt won't charge us anything we must bring some kind of a present to her."

"Sure. What shall we get?"

"I'll ask mother to-night what would be the right thing. She'll think of something suitable."

"All right, old man. I'll leave it to you."

Business was rather dull in the Street that month, for half the brokers were away from town a week or more at a time, and the rest went and came to their business, night and morning, many of the fashionable watering-places being within easy reach of Wall Street.

Mr. Danforth was in off and on to see that nothing in the money line got away from him, the rest of the time he spent at Southampton, Long Island, where he owned a cottage.

This summer colony was the most select and exclusive on the island.

Thursday afternoon Mr. Danforth left the office at two o'clock, bound for the Long Island depot at Brooklyn.

He was in such a hurry to catch his train that he forgot an important paper that he meant to take with him.

He didn't notice the omission till he reached the depot, then he called up the office on a wire.

The cashier answered the call, and was directed to send Bob with the paper by a later train to Southampton.

Mr. Brooks called Bob to his desk, told him what was wanted of him and handed him the document and a \$10 bill to cover his expenses.

"There's a time-table on Mr. Danforth's desk," he said. "Go in and see when the next train for Southampton leaves Brooklyn."

Bob found that it left at 6.50 p. m.

"You have lots of time, then. Send a message to your home, telling your mother that you'll be away all night. You can get supper at a Brooklyn restaurant before you board the train. You'll find the hotels crowded at Southampton, but I guess you'll be able to get a room somewhere if Mr. Danforth doesn't lodge you at his cottage. He has several guests there now, I believe."

At seven o'clock the South Shore train, bound for Sag Harbor, via Babylon, Eastport and Southampton, was speeding through the suburbs of Brooklyn Borough, with Bob Evans on board.

The train was crowded, and Bob, who had given up a good seat to a couple of ladies, had found another in the smoking-car.

Darkness fell after a while, and then Bob, not being able to see anything through the window, amused himself watching the gentlemen in his car.

Two men that the boy judged to be brokers, from some words they let drop, were talking together in a low, earnest tone.

Bob paid little attention to them.

In the course of half an hour they vacated the seat and went back into one of the other cars.

Bob decided to take their seat, as the one he occupied was not comfortable, somehow, and it bothered him.

When he made the change he noticed a piece of paper lying on the cushion.

Mechanically he picked it up and opened it.

There were a few words scrawled in pencil across the inner side.

This is the way it read:

"Huxley will begin buying to-morrow on the floor, as we have picked up all we can get on the quiet. The price will probably go up from the start, as I don't believe there is much available in the open. Smith & Jessup have a block of 3,000 that we may get to-morrow, if S. comes to town. Send me your check for balance due. Within a week we'll divide a fat melon. It will be a surprise to the boys.

"D. S. P."

"By gracious! This is a pointer for fair," exclaimed Bob, wide awake to the value indicated by the paper. "Now if I only knew the name of the stock! I must go to the Exchange in the morning, after I get back, and watch Mr. Huxley. It is fortunate that I know the gentleman well by sight. Whatever stock he is bidding for exclusively will be the keynote to the situation."

Bob put the paper in his pocket and began to dream of another coup in which he hoped to double his \$20,000, now stowed away in a safe-deposit box.

It was late when Bob got off the train at the Southampton station, but as he knew he was expected, that fact did not worry him.

He did not know where Mr. Danforth's cottage was situated, but guessed he would have no trouble finding it, by making inquiries.

He was saved this bother, however, by a colored man, who stepped up to him and asked if his name was Bob Evans.

"That's my name," replied the young messenger.

"Come with me, then. I'll take you right over to Mr. Danforth's."

He led the way to a light trap drawn up near the platform, and Bob, who then followed himself, took up the steps and they were presently dashing along a well-paved highway.

Mr. Danforth was seated on his veranda in company with two gentlemen.

He reached Bob for the paper, asked him if he knew the name of the stock, and then told him that as the hotels were crowded he would provide him with a small room for the night.

Next morning Bob had breakfast by himself in time to catch the train that stopped at Southampton at 8.35.

He reached Wall Street about noon, with his mind full of the pointer he had picked up the night before.

He got permission to be out an hour, hurried to the Exchange and singled out Broker Huxley at the D. & P. stand, bidding every once in a while for that stock.

Satisfied that D. & P. was the stock to be boomed, Bob went to the bank and ordered 3,000 shares of it to be bought for his account at the market price, which was 61.

He told the clerk that Smith & Jessup had that amount on hand, if they hadn't disposed of it, and said the bank's broker had better see Mr. Smith.

It happened that Broker Smith came on the floor just as the bank's representative received the order to buy, and he button-holed the trader at once.

Smith, however, said he wanted 63 for the block, and the broker got the refusal of it for half an hour till he consulted with the bank.

A messenger was sent over with a note to Bob asking for instructions.

Bob returned word that he'd give 63 if he couldn't get it for less, so the broker closed with Smith at his price, and the bank notified Bob to put up the balance of the margin, which he did.

The stock closed at 62 5-8 that day.

Bob told Joe about the transaction, and he gave an order to the bank to buy as many shares as they could get for him for \$1,100.

Next morning they both left their homes bright and early to catch the train for Port Jefferson.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

The girls were at the station to meet Bob and Joe when the train rolled into the terminal of the Port Jefferson branch.

And perhaps the boys were not glad to see them, looking sweet and lovely in their dainty summer attire, and perhaps Dora and Lily hadn't spent half the morning in their room getting themselves up regardless on purpose to catch the eyes of their young admirers.

Pairing off, the four started through the village toward the home of Dora's aunt, where lunch was already under way in anticipation of their visit.

The main portion of the village is in a valley, and is a curious and odd town.

The boys would, no doubt, have found it very interesting if they had had eyes for anything beside their fair companions, which they hadn't.

"We're awfully glad to see you," said Dora, gushingly. "Lily kept me awake half the night talking about what a good time we were going to have while you were here. Aren't you glad you came?" with one of her sidelong glances that always did Bob up.

"Glad? Don't mention it. We're tickled to death," replied Bob. "At least I'll guarantee that I am. We've been homesick since you two have been away."

"Really? You don't mean that, I am sure," laughed Dora.

"Yes, I do. You don't know how much I have missed you."

Dora blushed and looked quite happy.

"I suppose you didn't miss us much," continued Bob, "for there must be a lot of fellows down here who would be delighted with your company."

"Yes, there are quite a number, but we haven't made their acquaintance."

"I am glad of that, for we shall have you all to ourselves while we're here."

"Perhaps so much of our society will bore you before to-morrow night," she answered, coquettishly.

"Don't you believe it, Miss Dora. I'd like to enjoy your society indefinitely."

Dora blushed more vividly than before, for Bob spoke pretty earnestly.

"Just look at the bay from here. Isn't it just too lovely for anything in the sunshine," she said, seizing the pretext for hiding her confusion.

"Yes, it is quite lovely," replied Bob, barely glancing at the harbor, "but it isn't half as lovely as you look today."

Dora gave a little gasp and looked down at the ground, while her face grew red as her parasol, which she held between the sun and their faces.

As she made no reply to his remark, Bob wondered whether he hadn't been just a little too rapid.

He glanced behind and saw Joe making things interesting for Lily.

They seemed to be getting on famously together.

"I haven't said anything you don't like, have I?" asked Bob, with some concern.

"Oh, no!" Dora hastened to answer. "Why should you think that?"

"Because you became so silent all at once. I wouldn't want to say anything to offend you for the world. I could not help saying that you look lovely, because you do, and I always speak the truth. Aren't you going to say something?" he asked, after a pause.

"Haven't we better wait for Lily and your friend to come up?"

"Certainly, if you wish to, but for myself I like the present arrangement better."

She flashed a sly glance into his face and kept on.

"There's my aunt's house, yonder. Isn't it a pretty place?"

"It is that. I think I'd like to live in such a place as this, provided—"

Bob thought he'd better not finish the sentence, so he stopped.

"Well, why don't you go on?" she asked, looking at him.

"No, I guess I won't say what I was going to say."

But they were close to the cottage now, and waited for Lily and Joe, who had lagged some distance behind, to come up.

All four then passed into the house together, under a trellis that the vines of a honeysuckle had mounted.

The boys were introduced by Dora to her aunt, who was a comely little woman of perhaps forty.

She welcomed them in a hospitable way that made them feel at home, and, after a short talk they adjourned to the dining-room for lunch.

After lunch they visited the shipyard, where Dora's uncle was employed, and the boys were introduced to him.

He appeared to be very glad to make their acquaintance, and showed them over the yard, where the frames of several small vessels were in various stages of construction.

From the shipyard they walked around the water front and finally Bob proposed that they take a sail on the bay.

The girls agreed, as soon as Bob assured them that he knew how to handle a boat.

Accordingly, a trim-built catboat was hired for the afternoon and they put off in her.

Bob headed out of the harbor into Huntington Bay, and then laid the course for the Sound, a few miles distant.

"I do love the water," exclaimed Dora, who sat beside Bob, of course, at the helm.

"So do I," answered Lily, who, with Joe, sat on the port side of the cockpit.

"Shall we go as far as the Sound?" asked Bob. "We can go ashore at the bluffs and take a short walk, and then return the way we came."

That programme was satisfactory to all on board, and so the boat kept straight on down the bay, passing many other small craft with summer visitors in gay attire.

In the course of an hour they drew near the entrance to the Sound, and then Bob headed the boat into a small cove at the foot of the low cliffs.

The sail was lowered, the painter made fast around a tree, and the whole party disembarked for a stroll.

They made their way to the top of the cliffs by a devious track and then walked along up there through a thin stretch of woods.

Although Bob and Dora walked at a slow pace, Joe and Lily managed to fall farther and farther behind until, when the first two emerged from the wood and drew near to the edge of the cliffs overlooking the Sound, where a path led down to the shore, they were out of sight.

"Isn't the view just lovely from here?" said Dora, as they looked out over the rippling waters of the Sound.

"Yes," answered Bob. "Shall we go down to the shore?"

"Wait till Lily and her escort come up, otherwise they won't know where we've gone."

"They'll be able to see us down there if they use their eyes. Come on."

Dora allowed herself to be persuaded, for anything that Bob proposed was satisfactory to her.

So down they went, Bob, as an excuse lest she miss her step, passing one arm about her waist, which slight famili-

arity on his part she did not object to, but perhaps rather liked.

They slowly descended the rocks, treading the path that had probably been made a very long time since by the old settlers when they were lords of all they surveyed on the island.

Suddenly, as they turned the corner of a ledge, where the path diverged abruptly, they were confronted by a gaunt, almost fierce-looking man, who rose from a rock on which he had been sitting.

As Dora drew back and instinctively clung to her companion, the man uttered a snort of surprise.

Then it was that Bob recognized the stranger.

It was Bill Stidger.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN A DESPERATE PICKLE AND OUT.

"So it's you, is it?" said Bob, coldly. "Hiding among the rocks here. Well, the Port Jefferson constables will have to nose you out of here. You'll look better behind the bars than at large, for there's no telling what mischief you may do if you have your own way. I guess we'll go back, Dora."

Stidger uttered an imprecation, and his countenance grew livid with rage.

Springing forward, he seized Bob by the arm.

"So you'd put the constables on us, would you, you little monkey?" he glared.

"Us!" exclaimed Bob, snatching his arm away. "Oh, then Dunstan Leach is with you, is he? I thought that he had skipped out on his own hook. Both of you will soon be back in jail, where you belong."

"You'll never send us back, young feller," roared Stidger. "It's over the cliffs for you, since you've butted in again where you were not wanted."

Once more he grabbed Bob, and this time he meant to hold on.

Dora screamed as she saw the burly rascal try to force Bob over the edge of the path.

"Run to the top of the cliff, Dora," cried Bob, "and send Joe down."

Instead of obeying, the girl, with a pluck that did her credit, stooped and picked up a jagged piece of rock at her feet.

Watching her chance, she threw it at the rascal's head.

It struck him over the ear, inflicting a nasty wound, from which the blood flowed freely.

"You little vixen!" roared Stidger, furiously. "You shall pay for that!"

Rage added strength to his arms and he fairly lifted Bob off his feet.

In another moment the boy would have been pitched into the Sound, but with great dexterity Bob seized the man around the neck and prevented him from carrying out his purpose.

Dora, who forgot her own danger in her anxiety to save her escort, hunted around for another stone to follow up her first attack on the ruffian.

Stidger, seeing that matters were looking warm for him, called out to Leach, who was not in sight, twisted his sinewy arms about Bob and succeeded in tripping him up.

They fell heavily on the path, Stidger on top.

By this time Dora had found a second stone, and it would have gone hard with the rascal, for she was nerved up to a point that made her extremely dangerous to him, when Dunstan Leach suddenly appeared on the scene.

Perceiving the state of affairs, he sprang forward and seized Dora's arm just as she was in the act of smashing Stidger's skull with the stone.

"No, you don't, young lady," he cried, shaking the missile from her hand. "What's the trouble, Bill?"

"Take a look and you'll see who I've got here."

Leach clapped one of his hands over Dora's mouth as she started to scream, and then, looking down, recognized Bob Evans.

Surprise and anger brought an oath to his lips.

"Bring him down to the cove, Stidger. We've got a bone to pick with the young rooster."

"Why not pitch him over into the Sound and be done with him?"

"Don't be a fool, Bill. This girl would be a witness against us if we done him up in that way. Drag him along."

Catching the struggling Dora in his arms, he disappeared

man was able to render, and the particulars were duly published next morning.

Joe Vincent read the article in his favorite journal as he rode downtown to business, and was duly astonished to learn of the part his chum had played in the matter.

"My gracious!" he exclaimed. "Bob is having all sorts of stirring adventures, it seems to me. He ought to be the hero of a story-book. I wonder why something doesn't happen to me? Now, if I only could rescue Lily Page from under the wheels of an automobile, or pull her from a house afire, or do anything else that would make me solid with her for good, I'd be right in it. I'd get into the papers, too, and everybody would say I was a brave fellow. I wonder how it feels to see yourself in print, and know that a million or more people are thinking about you? But I suppose no such luck is reserved for me. Some people never get into the limelight if they live to be a hundred."

Dora White also read the story of Bob's plucky experience, and showed the article to Lily on the train, for they were accustomed to come downtown together.

"Isn't he smart?" exclaimed Lily, admiringly.

Dora didn't reply, but she thought a lot, just the same.

Joe was waiting out in the corridor to see Bob when the latter appeared.

"Say, you're all to the mustard, old man!" cried Vincent, as soon as he saw his friend. "Everything seems to come your way."

"So you've been reading about me in the paper, have you?" replied Bob, with a laugh.

"Sure, I have. There's two-thirds of a column about your adventure in my paper. You're getting to be the whole thing, Bob."

"I can't help that, Joe. I didn't hunt for all that trouble. I was forced into it. If those chaps had left us alone there might have been a different story to tell. By trapping us they only laid a worse trap for themselves. I'll bet they are kicking themselves for monkeying with us at all. However, they only got what was coming to them. Dunstan Leach will have to stay in jail now, I guess. He is a pretty hard case, and his friend Stidger isn't any better."

When Mr. Danforth came down he called Bob into his private room and had the boy tell him the story from beginning to end.

"You're a clever lad, Bob," was his final comment. "So you got a reward of \$1,000 from Major Stagg?"

"Yes, sir. Here's the check. Will you cash it for me?"

"Certainly. I suppose you'll get something more from Mr. Harper by and by?"

"Mr. Sackman, who has charge of the place, promised me \$500."

"You'll be well off for a messenger boy."

Mr. Danforth would have been surprised if he had known that his young employee was worth a matter of \$2,500, independent of the recent rewards, the greater part of which he had made out of his deal in M. & C. shares.

Bob, however, didn't think it necessary to tell him about that.

That afternoon Mr. Sackman handed Bob his check for the promised \$500.

"I seem to be making money these days, all right," said Bob that night to his mother and sister at the supper-table. "As soon as you've spent that \$300 I gave you the other day, mother, let me know and I'll give you some more."

"My!" exclaimed Elsie. "You talk as if you were worth a barrel of money."

"I hope to be worth that much one of these days. At present \$5,000 is the extent of my wad."

"Five thousand dollars! Why, that's a small fortune, especially to us who have had such a hard time to get along since father died. I think you ought to let mother take care of it for you, and then you won't lose it."

"I suppose that is what I ought to do, sis; but if I should go on to another good thing in the market I'd like to be able to make another haul better than the last, for I only had \$500 to work with then, now I've ten times that amount, which would mean ten times the profit."

"And ten times the loss, too, if you happened to lose. I don't like the idea of you investing your money in Wall Street. I think you were remarkably fortunate to win before. Next time you might lose all you put up, and that would be too dreadful for anything."

"Let me do the worrying, sis. It's my money."

Look they say runs in streaks.

If you hit one, or it hits you, you are apt to be fortunate for some time on a stretch.

Everything seems to come your way without any special exertion on your part.

"That is what people call a run of luck."

It looked as if Bob Evans had got into one of those streaks from the morning that the black satchel had smashed the transom window and bathed him in a shower of gold coin, significant of what was to follow, for next afternoon he accidentally overheard two brokers talking about a syndicate that had just been formed to corner M. & S. shares.

Now, Bob had heard brokers talking many and many times before—perhaps a hundred times—and yet never had their talk conveyed the slightest hint of a pointer before.

Yes, luck was certainly tagging after the young messenger, and Bob, you may well believe, was the boy to take advantage of that fact.

Without any more delay than he could help, he looked up M. & S. and found that it was going at 49.

When next he went to the Exchange he found the trader who had been mentioned as the man who was doing the buying for the syndicate, bidding for the stock, and taking all that was offered at the market price.

That was enough for Bob.

When he returned to the office he asked for half an hour's leave of absence, and getting it, rushed around to the bank in Nassau street and bought 1,000 shares of M. & S. at 49 1-8, and it took about all his money to cover the margin.

Evidently, Bob was a plunger.

At any rate, he had the courage of his convictions.

He was fully convinced that M. & S. was slated for a boom, and was willing to back that belief with his last coin.

After all it is the courageous person who usually succeeds in his ventures.

The wavering chap lets the good chances pass by because he's afraid to take the risk.

When there was money to be made, Bob was on the job.

Later on, when he met Joe, he passed the tip on to him.

"Buy M. & S. and help cut the watermelon with me," he said to him.

"How much did you buy?" asked Joe.

"One thousand shares."

Joe nearly dropped.

"One thousand shares! And you paid how much for it?"

"Forty-nine and one-eighth."

"Then you've put in every cent of your \$5,000?"

"That's what I did," replied Bob, coolly, as though such a sum was a mere bagatelle to him instead of being all he had.

"Say, Bob, you're a corker!" cried Joe, admiringly. "Why, I'd no more take the risk you have than I'd go to the roof of our office building and jump off. Five thousand would satisfy me for the rest of my life."

"You only think it would. If those shares only go up a couple of points and I sold out at that I'd make nearly \$2,000 in a lump. Now, I believe as earnestly as I believe anything that the stock will go up over ten points. I shall be greatly disappointed if I don't clear \$10,000 this trip. That's what I call making money; and that's what I'm out for. I simply feel lucky these days. I believe if I backed any old long-shot at the races the nag would come in first under the string. When you feel that way always get in on the ground floor while the streak lasts. Time enough to quit when things begin to turn. It is simply making hay while the sun shines. Now, take my advice and go the whole hog on M. & S. You won't lose."

Joe was carried away by some of Bob's enthusiasm, and he lost no time in buying as many shares of the stock as he could put up the margin for, and that was 40 shares.

It cost him 49 1-2.

Three days later the price had advanced, by fractions, to 51.

"I believe you'll be a millionaire yet, Bob," said Joe, when they came together that day.

"I shan't kick if I do become one," replied Bob.

"I should say not. I wish I was as lucky as you."

"It seems to me you are doing pretty well as it is. You stand to win \$400 or \$500 on your present investment. What's the matter with that?"

"Nothing. I'm satisfied."

On the following day some news, whether true or not, leaked out about M. & S. and the stock advanced to 57 before the Exchange closed.

around the ledge, and his companion followed, with Bob in his iron grasp.

In a few moments the rascals, with their prisoners, reached a secluded sandy cove, hidden from the summit of the cliff, where stood a small, disreputable-looking hut just out of sight of the Sound.

They carried the girl and boy into the hut, and after Leach had bound a handkerchief across Dora's mouth, and tied her hands behind her back, he assisted his associate in securing Bob so that further resistance on his part was useless.

"Now, Bob Evans, you won't get away like you did before," scowled Dunstan Leach. "We've got you now where we want you. There's a long score against you, and it's about time it was wiped out. You spoiled all our plans, scooped us and our swag in, and now you've got to pay the piper."

Bob, whom they had not gagged, made no reply to the foregoing speech.

"What are we goin' to do with him, now we have him dead to rights?" asked Bill Stidger, impatiently.

"Come outside and we'll talk it over," replied Leach, leading the way.

"You'll have to decide on something quickly," said Stidger, "because this chap has a companion named Joe somewhere up on the cliff, and he may have heard the girl scream when I first tackled our prisoner, and taken it into his head to come down here and investigate."

"If he comes here we'll take care of him," replied Leach.

Then the two men passed out of the young people's hearing.

"Dora," said Bob, "have they tied your hands tight? Don't you think you might be able to work them loose?"

He did not look for a reply from her, as he knew she could not answer on account of the gag; but he threw out the hint to her, while he tried to do something with his own bonds.

Dora lost no time in following his suggestion, and as Leach hadn't tied her as tightly as he might have done, thinking that being a girl she would make little effort to release her hands, and also because he did not expect to leave either of the prisoners long from under the watchful eye of himself or his companion, she presently succeeded in freeing herself.

Then she snatched the handkerchief away from her mouth.

"Oh, Bob, what shall we do?" she said, with frightened eyes.

"Look out cautiously from the door and see where those men are," said Bob.

"They're seated on a rock, near the water."

"Can they see the door of the hut from where they are?"

"Yes, easily."

"Now, Dora, put your hands in my right-hand pocket, get out my knife and cut me loose," he said.

She followed directions, and inside of a minute Bob was free.

"I guess I'll give those scamps a surprise when they come back," he said, picking up a piece of hard wood that would answer very well for a cudgel, and approaching the open doorway, from which he peered at the two men seated on the stone, where they were deciding upon some safe plan for getting square with the boy.

Dora, determining to aid Bob to the extent of her power, grabbed a similar piece of wood, and both waited close to the entrance of the hut for Leach and Stidger to return, as they couldn't leave the place without attracting the men's attention.

In a few minutes the rascals got up and came toward the hut.

"I'll take the first one as he comes in, and you do your best to hit the other. Don't be afraid to strike out as hard as you can," said Bob, nerving himself for the ordeal on which their escape depended.

Stidger was in advance with Leach close behind.

Bob held the club suspended, ready to bring it down on Leach's head.

Just as the rascals reached the doorway of the hut and were about to enter, Joe Vincent's voice was heard in the distance calling loudly for Bob.

The men stopped, turned around and looked.

"That chap will be down here in a moment," said Leach. "We'll send him off."

As the words were hardly out of his mouth when Bob, seeing Stidger standing within easy reach, and off his guard, stepped forward and struck him a terrific whack over the head.

The ruffian went down on the ground as if shot and lay there motionless.

The startled Leach turned around to find himself face to face with Bob, not only free of his bonds but with a weapon in his hands and blood in his eyes.

"Throw up your hands, Leach," said the boy, in a resolute tone, "or I'll treat you to a dose of the same medicine I handed to your friend Bill."

Dora now sprang forward, with her uplifted club, and things certainly looked squally for the rascal.

He was not a coward, however, and knowing that certain imprisonment awaited him if he yielded, he sprang at Bob, with a snarl of anger.

Bob struck out quickly, but Leach warded it off at the cost of a bruised arm, and then closed with his opponent.

The boy staggered back against the hut and could no longer use the club, for Leach had his arms pinned to his side.

What would have been the result had he and Bob been alone is problematical; but Dora proved herself the deciding factor in the case.

She had no mercy on Leach when she struck at him, and the result was he saw more stars at that moment than ever before in his life.

His grasp about Bob loosened and he fell, half stunned, beside his comrade in guilt.

Bob and Dora had won out.

CHAPTER XIV.

D. & P. TURNS OUT A WINNER FOR BOB AND JOE.

"Hello-o-o, Bob!" came Joe's hail, from somewhere along the path.

"Run down to the foot of the slope and tell him to come this way," said Bob to his fair companion.

Dora obeyed, and when she caught sight of the path, there was Lily and Joe more than half-way down.

She motioned to them to keep on, and waited till they reached the foot of the incline, when, telling Joe that Bob was waiting for him in the cove behind them, she took Lily by the arm and walked her down to the water's edge, where she began telling the astonished girl the particulars of the adventure through which she and Bob had just passed.

While the two girls were together, Joe ran up into the cove and was amazed at what he saw there.

"Why, Bob, what does all this mean?" he asked, stopping short in his surprise.

"I'll tell you all about it when we have secured these rascals so they can't get away. Keep your eyes on that fellow while I look into the hut for something to tie them with."

Bob was forced to tear a blanket into strips to get the material for binding the arms and legs of the men.

When he had them in a helpless position he told Joe all that had happened.

"So these are the fellows who escaped from the Sayville jail?" said Joe.

"The very ones. Mr. Sackman and I thought they had skipped out West, but we were mistaken. They've been in hiding along the coast since they got out of jail, and they both look as if they'd been up against hard luck."

"I should think they do. What are you going to do with them? Leave them here and send the Port Jefferson constables after them?"

"No; I'm going to carry them to town in the sailboat."

"But it will be a big job carrying them up the cliff, one at a time, and over to where the boat lies," replied Joe, not relishing the job in prospect.

"I don't intend to carry them up the cliff."

"Then how are you going to get them to the boat?"

"By bringing the boat around here to them, see?"

Joe saw, of course, and thought it an excellent plan.

Bob told Dora what he was going to do, and she agreed that it was the best thing he could do under the circumstances.

So he left the cove for the other side of the cliff, and within half an hour Joe and the girls saw the boat coming toward them.

Bob moored off the entrance to the cove, and then, with his chum's help, carried the two prisoners aboard and stowed them in the little cabin, drawing the sliding door partly to.

It was almost dark when they reached the wharf where they had hired the boat.

Bob sent a messenger to the police station with a note, and in twenty minutes two constables drove down to the wharf in a wagon.

The prisoners, who were fully conscious now, were lifted in and taken to the jail, where they were locked up, pending their transference later on to Riverhead. the authorities of which town were at once communicated with on the subject.

Next morning Bob and Joe escorted the girls to church and went walking with them in the afternoon.

An early tea was prepared so that the young messengers could take the train that connected with the Greenport express for New York at Hicksville.

"We had a dandy time, didn't we, Joe?" said Bob, after they were comfortably in the car, en route for their homes.

"Bet your life we did," replied Joe, enthusiastically.

Next morning they were back at their posts again in Wall Street, and the first thing either did was to see how D. & P. stood in the market.

It had closed on Saturday at 63.

It climbed up another point that day, and two more on Tuesday.

Then the boom set in in earnest, and the Exchange was in an uproar on Wednesday.

Brokers hurried in from the nearby resorts as soon as they got wind how the cat was jumping, and the Street wore an unusually animated aspect for August.

The traders perspired like bulls on a rampage as the excitement increased on Thursday. D. & P. mounting up to 80.

At that point Bob thought the stock began to look top-heavy, and he advised Joe to sell out, as he was going to do the same himself.

They realized 80 3-8 on their holdings, and then sat down together to count up their profits.

According to their figuring, Bob had made \$51,000, and Joe, \$2,950.

Their statements afterward verified the correctness of their computation.

Bob was now worth altogether \$71,000 and Joe \$4,100.

CHAPTER XV.

BOB BUYS A "GOLD BRICK" CHEAP.

Bob and Joe went down to Port Jefferson again on the following day, which was Saturday, had the time of their lives, and brought the girls back to their homes on Sunday night, prepared to resume their regular duties at Mr. Sackman's office next morning.

A week later the boys got a week off themselves and went to the mountains, coming back as brown as berries.

One morning, about a month later, a shabby old man walked into Mr. Danforth's office and asked to see the broker.

"He's out—over at the Exchange," said Bob, who happened to be in.

The old man turned away, looking disappointed, and started for the door.

"Hold on," said Bob. "Don't you want to leave your name and the nature of your business with Mr. Danforth? If it's important, I can run over and tell him."

Most office boys wouldn't have taken all that trouble with a shabby old man, who didn't look as if he could have important business with anybody, but Bob made it a point to treat all callers alike, for experience had taught him that you can't always size a person up by his personal appearance.

At any rate, he was never rude toward a person who appeared to be down on his luck, for he respected their feelings.

The old man stopped.

"My name is of no importance, for nobody down here knows me now. Once it was different—that was when I had money and good clothes. Now I'm a wreck. I've lost all I had in Wall Street, and the brokers who were glad to do business with me turn me away as they would a tramp. Well, I suppose I am a tramp. I have nothing left but a few thousand shares of mining stock, and nobody seems to want them. I have gone from office to office, trying to dispose of them, but no one will buy."

"They can't have any value, then," replied Bob. "Must be wildcat, or merely prospects that haven't panned out. What's the name of the mine or mines?"

"It's the New Eldorado, of Paradise, Nevada. I've got a block of 10,000 shares, which cost me 10 cents a share. I bought the stock three years ago, thinking I had got hold of a good thing. The price was advanced by the company to

25 cents soon after, and was advertised as a bonanza that would soon take its place among the richest producers of the State. I was assured that it would some day rise to \$15 or more a share, and I indulged in dreams of wealth. But one day I heard that the mine was a failure, and then that it had been abandoned. At any rate, it never was listed on any of the Western exchanges. Lately I read in the paper that a strike had been made on a new mine close by the New Eldorado, and so I thought somebody might think it worth while to buy the shares on a chance that some day they might turn out to be worth something."

"Let's look at the stock, if you don't mind," said Bob.

The old man unwrapped the package and exposed a certificate filled out in the name of John Reid for 10,000 shares of New Eldorado Gold and Silver Mining Co.

Bob had never heard of the mine, but, then, he was not familiar with mining stocks, anyway.

"So that cost you \$1,000?" he asked the old man.

"It did."

"And how much do you want for it?"

"I'd be glad to get half a cent a share—\$50. I need the money badly."

Bob believed him.

He certainly looked as though even \$50 would be a god-send to him.

The boy felt sorry for him.

He took the certificate into the counting-room and showed it to the cashier.

"Ever hear of that mine, Mr. Brooks?" he asked him.

"I can't say that I have," was the reply. "It doesn't look familiar."

He took a market list of the Western mines, as listed on the Goldfield Exchange, out of his desk, and started to see if the mine was mentioned in the paper.

It wasn't, however.

"I guess it's a wildcat," he said. "Who does this belong to?"

"An old gentleman out in the reception-room. He told me it cost him \$1,000 three years ago. He wants to sell it for \$50, for he needs the money."

"I think he's lucky if he gets \$10 for it," said the cashier, returning the certificate to Bob.

The young messenger told the old gentleman what the cashier had said, and he looked very despondent.

"Well," he said, in a tone of resignation, "I suppose I'll have to go to the poorhouse. I am down to my last quarter, and don't know where I shall get another. When a man gets old and hasn't any money or a trade to fall back on, it is pretty hard for him to keep his head above the water. I've been a fool in my time, and now I am reaping the tears that I sowed."

He heaved a sigh and started toward the door.

"Hold on," said Bob. "I'll give you \$50 for that certificate if I don't make any better use out of it than to frame it. I think it's too long a shot to ever come under the wire a winner. Still, you never can tell what may happen. I'll take it at that figure just to help you out, not because I think there's anything in it, for if it was worth anything at all you'd have been able to sell it here in the Street for something before this."

The old man seemed surprised at his offer.

"You're but a boy," he said. "Can you afford to——"

"Don't you worry about that. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "it is, and I hope it may bring you luck."

Bob always kept an envelope in the safe with a few hundred dollars in it, so he had no trouble in completing the deal, and the unfortunate old fellow went away feeling happy that he had been able to shake off going to the Island for a spell at least.

CHAPTER XVI.

CONCLUSION.

During September, Dunstan Leach and Bill Stidger were tried at the county seat of Suffolk County for the two robberies they had committed on the South Shore of Long Island, were found guilty and sent to Sing Sing for five years each.

An indictment was also found against Leach by the grand jury of Manhattan, and this hung over his head until his

five-year term should have expired, when he would be re-arrested and brought back to the Tombs for trial on the original charge of assault and robbery.

As he was likely to get ten years as the result of the second trial, he had a long time ahead to think it over, while neither the lawyer nor the young messenger worried much about what he might eventually try to do if he lived so long.

After that things went along in Wall Street in the same old way until the first of November, when one of Mr. Danforth's clerks left his employ, and Bob was promoted to the vacancy and another messenger and office boy succeeded to the lad's place.

Now that Bob had begun to step up the ladder in earnest, he thought he was justified in asking Dora to be his wife in the near future, and she readily consented to link her future with his.

Her parents saw no objection to the match, for an enterprising young fellow with good prospects, worth over \$70,000, was not to be found every day.

As for Joe, while he and Lily had it all arranged between themselves as to what they meant to do, an actual engagement was yet a thing of the future.

Joe's \$4,000 was a strong argument in his favor with Lily's people, and there was no opposition to his keeping steady company with her.

Along about Christmas a rich body of ore was uncovered in the New Eldorado.

As soon as the fact was fully established to the satisfaction of the new owners, they suppressed the matter and then began to look up the large number of shares of the mine originally sold to the public for development purposes.

Every broker in Goldfield had orders to buy this stock in, as low as he could get it, but not over five cents a share.

Probably 75,000 shares were rounded up in this way.

As it was known that some 50,000 shares had been sold in New York, mining brokers in the metropolis were also instructed to buy in all the shares they could find.

Bob, as a matter of course, was ignorant of all this until one day Joe rushed into Mr. Danforth's office with a financial paper in his hand and told the cashier he'd like to see Bob.

He was allowed to go to Bob's desk.

"What's the matter, Joe, you look excited?" asked his chum.

"Here's a chance for you to get something for that mining certificate you've got hung up in your room," replied Joe, pointing out a small advertisement in the paper.

"That so?" answered Bob, becoming interested at once.

"Let's see."

The advertisement stated that any one having shares of the New Eldorado Gold and Silver Mining Co., of Paradise, Nevada, could dispose of the same by calling on Billings & Co., No. — Maiden Lane.

"There must be something doing in the mine at last," said Bob, reflectively, after he had read the announcement. "I'll go there during lunch hour and see what it amounts to."

"You gave half a cent a share for your block, didn't you?" asked Joe.

"That's right."

"Maybe you'll be able to get a couple of cents a share now. That will be 400 per cent. profit. I wish I had the stock."

"You do, eh?" laughed Bob. "Why, I offered you a half interest in that certificate for \$25 and you said you wouldn't touch it at any figure, as you had no use for a wildcat."

"I didn't suppose it would ever amount to a pinch of snuff."

About one o'clock that day Bob went up to Maiden Lane and called at the office of the mining agency.

He told the clerk that he had seen their advertisement calling for New Eldorado stock, and asked him what was in it.

"Have you any of the shares?" asked the clerk.

"I have."

"How many?"

"Ten thousand."

The clerk looked surprised.

"I guess you'd better see Mr. Billings."

He went into the private office, and presently Bob was asked to walk into the inner room.

"Have you 10,000 shares of the New Eldorado for sale, young man?" asked Mr. Billings.

"Yes, sir."

"Who do you represent?"

"Myself."

"What price do you ask for them?"

"Five cents."

"That's a low price for them, isn't it?"

"No, sir. It is only one certificate."

"Ah, a block of 10,000, eh? Well, I am instructed to offer two cents a share for it."

"It cost ten cents a share."

"That may be. In fact, some of the stock was sold as high as twenty-five cents a share, but that has no bearing on the case now. I will give you my check for \$200 for the certificate when you bring it down."

"No, sir. I am not anxious to sell at that figure."

"That's the best I can offer."

"All right," said Bob. "I'll write to Goldfield and see if I can't do better than that."

"You might get three cents out there, possibly, in fact, on second thought, I'll give you three cents myself."

"No, sir. I don't care whether I sell it or not. The lowest I'll take is five cents, and the chances are I shall want ten."

"You'll never get it."

"All right. That doesn't worry me any," replied Bob, rising to go.

"What's your name and address? I might be able to make you another offer after communicating with my principal out West."

Bob gave him his name and business address and then left.

He immediately wrote to a reputable broker in Goldfield, stating that he had a certificate of 10,000 shares of New Eldorado, and asked him for an offer, stating that he wouldn't consider anything under ten cents.

He also wrote to a big mine owner in Paradise, asking for information about the mine, and telling him that he had 10,000 shares, which he was holding as an investment.

From the Goldfield broker he received an offer of twelve cents a share.

From the mine owner he got word to hold on to his stock, as it was believed the New Eldorado was coming to the fore.

So Bob held on in spite of the fact that Billings & Co. offered him fifteen cents a share for his block, later on twenty, and finally twenty-five.

A month later the fact was published broadcast that the New Eldorado had turned up a trump, and that the stock was in demand at fifty cents a share.

It was now listed on the exchanges and soon was quoted at \$1.50, which made the certificate Bob held worth \$15,000—a pretty good profit on a \$50 investment.

Eventually, Bob sold the stock at \$3.50 per share, or \$35,000. Then he tried to locate old John Reid, the man who sold it to him.

He found him in the poorhouse on the Island.

Bob took him out and handed him \$1,000 to keep him in his old age, and the old man was deeply grateful to him, you may well believe.

Bob was now worth over \$100,000, and with a salary of \$15 a week he concluded to get married, for he was approaching his twenty-first year.

As Dora was ready and her folks willing, the event came off that June, with Joe as best man, and Lily Page as bridesmaid.

With the retirement of Mr. Brooks from the office, Bob was raised to the post of cashier.

It was not long afterward that Mr. Danforth gave him an interest in the business, at a reasonable figure, and the firm name became Danforth & Evans.

Joe Vincent left Mr. Lansing's employ and became head bookkeeper for his chum.

Long before this happened, Joe had married Lily Page.

The fact that Bob Evans is worth a quarter of a million shows that he is still making money, and he recently told Joe that he hoped to be worth a million long before he died.

"You always were lucky," replied Joe. "I'm thinking of writing a book, with you as the hero."

"Is that so?" laughed Bob. "What are you going to call it?"

"The title will be: 'A Wall Street Messenger's Luck.'"

Next week's issue will contain "A HARVEST OF GOLD; OR, THE BURIED TREASURE OF CORAL ISLAND."

W A W 210 154

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE

CURRENT NEWS

Discovery that a tombstone had been used as a hearthstone in the residence of Miss Jessie Baer, in East Greene street, Waynesburg, Pa., has been made. In making some repairs the stone was removed and on the underside was the inscription, "Elizabeth, wife of George Heise, died October 12, 1872, aged forty years nine months and several days."

Ernest Stevenson, a Visalia, Cal., laborer, sentenced himself to a year in the county jail in Judge Knox's court after pleading guilty to a charge of drunkenness. The verdict was set aside by the judge as excessive. In passing sentence on himself, after the judge had asked him to do so, Stevenson said treatment in hospitals did no good and perhaps he could "sober up right" in a year.

With a brass stickpin in her stomach, pretty five-year-old Maxine Fisher is at Lane Hospital, San Francisco, under the observation of the surgeons who are trying to avoid an operation. No serious symptoms have developed. The child went to a "movie" theater with her father, who bought her a big prize candy. Absorbed in the scenes on the screen, the girl munched her candy and finally swallowed it in a lump, pin and all.

Because it is alleged he caused twenty school children, riding in his jimmy bus from Marionville to Bloomingdale, to sing "Forward Christian Soldiers," while a drunken passenger danced an old-fashioned jig, Howard Elliot, official jimmyist of the Bloomingdale, N. J., public school, was fined by the Board of Education of that place. The charge was preferred by Miss Martha Day, principal of the school, and several members of the Bloomingdale Women's Christian Temperance Union.

Because he has a horror of suspended bones, John Henry West is bending his husky back over a hammer on the stone pile at the Federal prison, San Francisco, Cal. And he is still shuddering over his experiences while enjoying a "rub" as orderly to Dr. Weaver, the prison physician. Dr. Weaver directed John Henry West to dust out a tall cabinet standing in a corner. John Henry got his duster and opened the door. One glance at the skeleton galvanized the orderly into such strenuous action that only iron bars restrained him.

A German has been unable since the war to import in sufficient quantities the raw materials used for making wine and string. German manufacturers have turned to the production of these articles from paper and have succeeded so well that they now appear upon the market. Paper wine and paper yarn cannot be said to be novelties as products of the war, as Japan manufactured wine and twines from paper pulp over a hundred years ago. America began to make wine and Germany since 1890. The products resemble those made from jute or hemp.

Representative Dyer introduced a resolution authorizing the House Judiciary Committee to investigate the cause of the rise in the price of paper. The resolution instructs the committee "to investigate the cause of the sudden and unprecedented rise in the price of paper and to report and ascertain whether any conspiracy exists and whether any law of the United States has been violated by any one in connection with such matter." Mr. Dyer charges that the paper manufacturers have "voluntarily raised the price of paper so as to lay an unjust tribute upon the people."

Porto Rico has had the worst passenger tourist season in its history during the past few months, more travelers having visited the island last winter than ever before. The war is partly responsible, but better steamship accommodation and advertising have also had their share. Efforts are being made to erect an apartment building at San Juan for the growing tourist trade. Already the Insular Legislature has set aside a tract of land for the purpose, and a company has been organized for the purpose of forming of a hotel company in case the necessary arrangements can be made.

From Chicago (Ill.) comes this story to the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune: Marguerite Laffont, Williams, known to the patrons of the Home for Aged Men as "Fresh Kid" Williams, is dead. He would have been ten years old. Until recently "Fresh Kid" Williams was in excellent health, but old age, it is said, he reached as a result of 99, caused his death. "The boys" at the Home for Aged Men found no rubber in their tobacco and no water in their shoes. "That was the favorite pranks of the 'Fresh Kid.'" Williams was born in Saratoga, N. Y., and throughout his life he was associated with railroads, chiefly the New York Central. It was his boast that he smoked and drank since he was 14 years old.

Miss Wilhelmina Schoenberger and Adolph Bock are to be married shortly, and their honeymoon will include a tour of the United States. Miss Schoenberger has for eight years been a maid in a hotel at Fairbanks, Alaska, and Bock has for fifteen years been a mining prospector, who made two strikes, one of which he exhausted in making a claim that finally yielded \$650,000. After working in the mines Bock went to the Hot Spring district, north of here, and started prospecting. He struck it rich, took out more than \$500,000 and then resumed prospecting in the little known Woodchopper Creek country. He had a "hunch" there was gold in the flats at the mouth of the creek, so he bought a prospecting drill and started work. He sank hole after hole to bedrock without finding a sign of gold. He prospected for two years, and when he had just about enough to keep the wolf in appearance, he had

MAX AND HIS MILLION

— OR —

WORKING FOR THE WIZARD OF WALL STREET

By ED KING

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XX. (Continued)

"No; that's my own. Going in?"

"I dunno. I look for a reaction. The stories which have been put around about those stocks may be false, Maxey."

"Then stay out if you think so," said Max recklessly. "I'll be around to the bank."

In half an hour's time Max had made good his margin, and his order was accepted by Elstein & Co.

Max stayed right by the tape.

He began to feel nervous.

Now, after it was all done, he remembered the Wizard's second tip.

"If this comes true beware of dropping the position you now hold. Unless you want to lose your million keep on working for the Wizard of Wall Street."

Now Max had dropped his position, because he had to.

He was not now working for the Wizard of Wall Street.

As he stood there watching the ticker Max wished more than ever that he had paid no heed to Brown's tip, but had been satisfied to be worth a million.

And yet the stocks which he was helping to bear were dropping off point after point.

"I guess I'll sell now," resolved Max at last.

But still he hesitated, saying to himself that the Wizard's tips had not always come true.

nouncement on the Street that the rumors which had caused the slump were mere lies caused a complete reaction.

A scene of wild excitement ensued on the floor of the Stock Exchange as the bulls rushed into the breach and got control.

And this happened while Max was still dallying with the ticker.

As the stocks began to jump five points at a time Max saw his finish.

It might be all right for Col. Dickory, who had gone in earlier, thus giving Elstein a chance to sell short at the lowest quotation, but Max knew it could hardly be all right for him.

"I'm on the outs," Mr. Coleroy's second tip had come true," thought Max, as he gave the necessary orders to be placed on the board to Elstein.

And somehow Max didn't care.

Firm in the conviction that he had dropped the biggest part of his million, he just pulled out and went back to the office.

"How is the market?" asked Joe McDuff, as Max entered. "I see a lot of running around out the window. Is anything up?"

"The bears are down," replied Max. "What's this note?"

"Brought in by a messenger a few minutes ago," replied Joe. "He wanted an answer right away, but of course I didn't know where you were."

Max tore it open, and read as follows:

"Max—My crowd is knocked out. Who is your broker? Answer at once. BROWN."

Max seized a pen, and, writing "Elstein & Co.," enclosed the note in an envelope and dashed downstairs.

He did not attempt to see Mr. Brown, but merely delivered the brief note in person at his office.

"Any answer?" asked the boy who received it.

"Don't know," replied Max. "I'll wait."

In a minute Max's slip came back with: "All right. Don't worry," scrawled in lead-pencil across the face.

Max went away, puzzled to understand what it all meant.

Pushing his way through the crowd in front of the Stock Exchange, he met Col. Jake.

"Hooray, Max!" he shouted boisterously. "I've just seen the broker. I'm all right, when everybody else seems

CHAPTER XXI.

ALL ABOUT THE MILLION.

We cannot further peruse the doings of Max with his million with the same attention to detail that we have done hitherto, for our story is drawing toward its close.

At three o'clock, as usual, the Stock Exchange closed.

And with it ended a business day, the equal of which for wild excitement Wall Street had not seen for several years.

It was one of those small panics caused by sudden changes in value of favorite trading stocks.

Hundreds made: hundreds lost heavily. Many lost their all.

And these stocks were Max's stocks, sold short on Brown's tips.

Pounded down to the oil crowd to a point which Max would scarcely have believed possible, the sudden an-

to be all wrong. I pulled out before the turn, and am worth a million. Hooray! Come and have a drink."

But Max pulled away, for Colonel Jake was pretty well loaded already.

Hurrying to Ebstein's office, he inquired of the bookkeeper how he stood.

"I'm sorry to tell you that you were caught on the rise, Max," was the reply. "Ebstein just telephoned. There will be something saved, but I can't tell you how much."

"I don't care," replied Max. "Let her rip. There's enough left to make you folks whole, I hope."

"Oh, yes," grinned the bookkeeper. "You can trust Mr. Ebstein for that every time."

And so it happened that before the close of that memorable day Max pulled out of Wall Street minus the biggest part of his million.

Max went up to the automobile repository to learn the fate of his runabout.

To his surprise and pleasure he found it there all right. It had been found undisturbed at the Amawasis Hotel.

Next morning Max turned up at the office at the usual time.

"Well," asked Joe, dolefully, "do we close up here now? I suppose I am on the outs."

"We close up at the end of the week," replied Max, "but you are not on the outs by any means, Joe. I shall start right in on the hotel, and shall need help. Your salary goes on just the same. As soon as we open the house you will be made assistant clerk. If you work well and keep your eyes open the first year you will be made head clerk the following year, and, take my word for it, you will like that better than working for the Wizard of Wall Street."

"I don't want any better job than working for you," said Joe heartily. "That's the truth, Max—Mr. Meyers, I mean."

"Let it be Max from this on, Joe. Has Col. Dickory been in this morning?"

"I haven't seen him this morning," replied Joe, "but he was here just before I closed up yesterday, as drunk as a loaded owl."

"I guess he made out all right," said Max. "I'm going out now. Turn away the customers politely, Joe. Tell them that Mr. Colony is dead, and I am going into other business, and the office will be closed up at the end of the week."

Max now sauntered around to Ebstein's.

There was not much to be learned from the broker's face.

"Max," he said, "everything went crooked yesterday. It was too bad."

"I know," said Max. "How did Dickory come out?"

"On the right side. He was a lucky man. Over a million," Max. "But, say, you was lucky, too."

"I?" cried Max. "I thought I was caught on the rise?"

"So you was."

"Well, then—"

"You, de first one, Max, but on de second you was led up de blind, and whole dat is, pretty near fifty ten and to de back. What's dat? If you hadn't jumped in de second time you was left ovit by de cold altercader. You was

a shrewd poy, Maxey. But, say, I didn't tink you was good for dot much till de pank sent dot certified scheck around."

Max dropped into a chair and stared.

"Ebstein, have you gone out of your senses?" he exclaimed. "I gave you no second order."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the broker. "Dat's pretty good. Vy, you called over de phone 'Buy for a rise.' You jumped in on den same stocks, and dere came de margin to meet it. It let you most owid, Maxey. I vish it was de whole ting. I would knock off mein commission, but I made a loss mineself."

"What bank sent you the check?" demanded Max. "Let me see the check right now."

It was his own bank, and it was a cashier's check for the amount of his lost margin.

Max got up and left the office without a word.

"What can it mean?" he muttered, as he hurried toward the bank.

But mean what it might, there was the one great fact staring the boy in the face.

Max had not lost his million.

CHAPTER XXII.

ON TOP AGAIN.

"Who made good on my account, Mr. Beers?" demanded Max, as he faced the cashier of the bank.

"Why, it's a little irregular, I suppose, Mr. Meyers," replied the cashier, "but one of our directors deposited that money to your account, and ordered me to send a check for the amount to Ebstein & Co., which I did."

"One of your directors?" gasped Max. "Which one? What's his name?"

"Mr. Brown."

The cat was out of the bag now.

Of course Max had suspected the truth.

"I won't have it," he said to himself. "I don't want his money, and I won't take it, what's more."

Was there ever such a boy as Max?

It seemed as if something of the Wizard's independent spirit had fallen upon him.

Cashier Beers looked at him curiously.

He knew the boy well, for he had been one of Max's best customers.

"What's the matter, Max? Anything wrong?" he asked.

"I don't think you had any right to juggle with my account, Mr. Beers."

"Come, come, Max! There has been no juggling with your account. If a man like Brown chooses to do a little business in your name for your benefit I don't think you ought to kick."

Max simply could not kick.

Scarcely answering the cashier, Max left the bank and returned to his own office, fully resolved not to touch this money, and to keep out of Wall Street speculation from this time on.

At the office he found Col. Jake Dickory waiting for him.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST

TRYING TO FLY OVER ANDES.

Argentine aviators ascended at Ballou in an attempt to fly across the Andes Mountains. To do this the airmen must attain an altitude in some places of 20,000 feet.

DOG SWALLOWS HATPIN.

A hatpin seven inches long has been removed from the stomach of Kink, a Boston terrier belonging to Miss Alice Stewart, of Williamsburg, Pa., by a surgeon. The dog had been ill for several days and an operation was decided upon. The pin lay lengthwise in the dog's stomach.

PUSHES PEANUT A MILE.

Larry O'Brien, hospital orderly and admirer of Frank Moran, pushed a peanut one mile through the streets of Paterson, N. J., the other day because he didn't pick the winner of the Willard-Moran bout.

Larry, who made the wager with Max Dincin, a hospital pharmacist, agreed that the loser should use toothpicks to propel the peanut and forfeit \$10 if he spoke to any one during the stunt. It was a hard trial for Larry, as 1,500 persons and a half-dozen policemen followed him through the principal streets from the General Hospital to the United States Theater. Many offered suggestions and others jeered, but Larry just whistled. He used forty toothpicks in the task that took forty-five minutes.

FOUND RUBBER IN COFFEE.

A large quantity of rubber was found concealed in coffee bags on board the Lyngenfjord, which sailed from New York on March 17 for Bergen.

The entire consignment of 250 bags was seized. The rubber was discovered through the bursting of one of the bags while the steamship was unloading.

The Lyngenfjord is a freighter of 5,000 gross tonnage, belonging to the Norwegian-America Line. She was under the command of Captain Band when she sailed from this port on March 17 for Bergen from Pier 5, South Brooklyn. The loading was done by the agents, Benham & Boyesen, of 10 Bridge street, and it is understood that the coffee, which formed part of her cargo, was transhipped here from Brazil.

STYLES IN INDIAN NAMES.

Although among the Indians there are not so many Deer-layers as there were in the days of James Fenimore Cooper, yet many of the names still possess strong individuality. This is shown by examining the names that were prominent in the recent sale of Indian lands in the Standing Rock Reservation, in the Dakotas.

Here, for instance, was found Barney Two Bears, an amiable neighbor to Miss Katie Good Crow. Melda Crow-ghost and Mary Yellow Fat have adjoining tracts, and there are also Mrs. Crazy Walking and Jack Elk Ghost in the same section.

It is not to be wondered at that Mary Lean Dog looks enviously from her door when Agatha Big Shield goes by with her aristocratic name, nor could any one blame Jennie Dog Man and Mary Shave Head if they fell all over themselves to assume on short notice the heroic name borne by Morris Thundershield, heir apparent to Long Step Thundershield.

GIRLS SEND GIFTS OF CANDY.

Publication of reports that American soldiers in the Mexican field have asked for consignments of candy have brought responses from young women in almost every part of the United States.

Every mail and almost every express train arriving in Columbus, N. Mex., brings parcels of candy addressed to the "soldiers at the front." These are turned over to Capt. C. C. Smith, adjutant of the base, for shipment to the field. As a result of the letters which usually accompany the packages, Captain Smith asserted the other day, numbers of the soldiers are spending much of what leisure time they have in writing to young women they have never seen.

Sixty pounds of candy was received recently from a club of young women in Philadelphia, this being the largest single package. Home-made candies have also been received from young women in various cities.

The sixty-pound parcel was carried to Colonel Dodd's forces in Guerrero by aeroplane, the army medical officers recognizing the value of it as food, while other packages have been sent forward by motor truck train.

APPROPRIATION BILL REPORTED TO HOUSE.

A fortifications appropriation bill nearly \$17,000,000 in excess of last year's budget was reported to the House recently by the Appropriations Committee as a part of the national defense programme. The bill carries \$21,997,050 in direct appropriations, and \$12,300,000 additional in authorizations.

A striking disclosure of the report is that there are to be placed at New York and other seacoast defense points 12-inch guns with a range of 30,000 yards, or about seventeen miles, which is approximately 8,000 yards greater than the range of the guns aboard battleships of the newest Queen Elizabeth type.

The report also says that immediate provision is made for six 16-inch guns, four of which are to be placed at Cape Henry, Va., guarding the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay and the approach to the capital, and two at Rockaway Beach, N. Y. These 16-inch guns will likewise have a range of 30,000 yards, or approximately seventeen miles. The sum of \$1,400,000 is appropriated for the acquisition of sites, the major portion of this amount being required for additional land at Rockaway Beach.

Increased appropriations for reserve supplies of ammunition and for improved types of field artillery, including large cannon, are authorized.

HARRY, THE HUSTLER

— OR —

THE BOY WHO WAS READY FOR BUSINESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER XII (continued)

"That's Tom Trafton," said Harry, as he closed the window.

"Then Bunce and his daughter and Jack Winston are the others," added Joe.

"I guess you're right. Well, so much for hustling. We have got the start, at all events."

Upon arriving at Omaha, the boys found that there had been no train in over the Northwestern, and none expected under four hours, while it would be still longer before any through train came in over the St. Paul.

But little time was lost in making the change to the U. P., and the rest of the journey proved uneventful.

In due time Harry and Joe arrived at Dodgetown, and took a room together at Hager's Opera House Hotel, a much better establishment than they had expected to find.

After a good supper Joe lit his pipe, and they sallied forth to take in the town.

There was not much of it.

It consisted principally of two long streets with straggling frame stores, many with false fronts above the single story and dwelling-houses sandwiched in between.

These streets lay in a narrow valley between densely wooded hills.

Between them ran Dodge Creek, a mountain torrent, which went rushing down a rocky gorge some forty feet in depth.

Across this gorge a crude swing bridge, supported by heavy wire rope cables, had been thrown.

It was a windy night, and the thing swayed horribly as the boys walked across it.

It was to replace this inefficient structure that the new bridge was to be built.

As for Harry, he was glad when they got back over the bridge and were safe in bed at the hotel.

Immediately after breakfast next morning Harry and Joe revisited the swing bridge, and the latter carefully explained in a general way the nature of the work to be done to replace it with an up-to-date structure.

Thus posted, Harry left Joe at the hotel, and called at the office of the mayor, Moses Maxwell, which was located in the corner of a large smelting works, of which the mayor was the superintendent.

He found Mr. Maxwell a smooth-spoken man, quick and business-like.

"Longworth, eh?" he said, upon glancing at Harry's

card. "Yes, you can figure on the work. You want to see the plans?"

"I want to know when I can see them," replied Harry. "I am only Mr. Longworth's business representative. I am not practical myself. I have our engineer with me to attend to that part of the work."

"Very well," said Mr. Maxwell. "The plans are at Mr. Wicks' office. He is the chairman of the council. Room 10, Deadwood Block. He is no doubt in his office by this time. I'll give you a line to him."

The mayor scribbled an order to show the plans, and thus armed, Harry and Joe presented themselves at the office of Mr. Wicks, who proved to be a lawyer, a large, pompous man, with a voice like a foghorn, and a watch chain made of gold nuggets which looked as if it might weigh a quarter of a pound.

"Ah! The bridge plans. Yes, yes!" he said. "You will be the first to figure."

"When do the bids have to be in?" asked Harry.

"Inside of ten days."

"And the contract will be awarded when after that?"

"As soon as the committee meets. It will be within a few days. We are anxious to have the present bridge strengthened before winter sets in. Of course, but little can be done on the new bridge before spring."

The plans were produced, and the specifications with them.

Joe studied them for more than half an hour in silence.

He then threw them down upon the table, and, turning to Harry, said:

"Mr. Howe, perhaps I am overstepping the mark in saying so, but I advise you not to figure on these plans."

"Indeed! Why so?" demanded Harry.

"The plans are impracticable, and the specifications a blind. It looks to me like a put-up job to throw the contract into the hands of some particular bidder."

"Indeed!" said Harry. "How is this, Mr. Wicks?"

"Give me those plans!" cried the lawyer, springing to his feet. "Get out of my office. You can't figure on this job."

CHAPTER XIII.

DINK DAVIS.

Harry had arranged all this little programme in advance.

Having cut in ahead of old Bunce, he had resolved to take the bull by the horns and make things interesting

for he gave special instructions to Joe to examine the plans and specifications with the most particular care, and if he found the slightest reason to suspect fraud to speak right out boldly, as he did.

The moment Mr. Wicks ordered Harry and Joe to leave the office both got up and walked out without a word.

This was also a part of the programme, although Harry had not expected the order to be quite so abrupt.

It was not until they had reached the street that anything was said.

"Well, upon my word, you allowed yourself to be kicked out in pretty good style," said Joe. "I'm a little curious to know what your next move is going to be."

"Before I decide on it I have a whole lot to ask you," was the reply. "Suppose we take a walk up the valley, where we won't attract attention?"

"Old Bunce's man will be on hand next train, sure."

"We have two hours. A lot can be done in that time. Besides, Bunce and Winston may have business in Omaha or anywhere else, for that matter. We don't actually know that they intend to put it right through to Dedgetown. You didn't hear that said?"

"No; it was not said. Now, what do you want to know?"

"First of all, about the plans and specifications. What did you see in them that was wrong?"

"It all lies in the mason work. The specifications about the center piers are most beautifully indefinite. A man would be sure to get stuck who attempted to put in a figure. What they really are intended for is to force the contractor to make a heavy allowance for extras."

"I see."

"I wish you had looked them over for yourself, Harry."

"It would have been no use. There is hardly one chance in a thousand that I would have been able to discover any nigger in the woodpile who wasn't plain to you. You feel pretty certain that another set of specifications has been prepared for Bunce's benefit, outside of what you heard on the train?"

"I am sure of it."

"How about the plans?"

"They lack detail in the very points where the specifications are weak."

"How much of a bill of extras do you think a man would run up against if he figured on the plans as they stand?"

"It is very hard to say, but I should think anywhere from five to ten thousand dollars."

"Enough to knock him clean out."

"Exactly. That's the way the case stands. Now, what do you propose to do?"

"What would you do?"

"It is hard to tell. Why not go right to Mayor Maxwell and put it up to him?"

"How do I know that he is not the very man who is superintending the grinding of this graft mill?"

"That's so."

"Wicks is in it, of course. The way he jumped on us shows that."

"You might tackle the leader of the opposite political party. It would be easy to find out who he is."

"Yes, and you can just bet he is going to get his share."

If we only knew who the fellow is who holds the dough bag and deals with Bunce we might force his hand, but we don't and we can't find out, so there you are."

"The case looks hopeless."

"Not to me."

"You have formed a definite plan, then?"

"Yes."

"Out with it. I confess I see no hope."

"Now, there you are; that's the difference between a fellow who has received an education like yours and a fellow of my kind, who doesn't know any more than the law allows, but who is willing to hustle and is ready for business. I tell you what it is, Joe; I'll either get that job or lose it in honest competition, or I'll make the crafters of this town so sick that they will be ready to start on the run, one of the two."

Joe said nothing.

"You think I'm boasting," said Harry.

"I think you have got a hard job before you."

"That's the kind I like. Now, listen. How much of a talker are you?"

"Well, I can wag my tongue pretty freely."

"I mean in public?"

"Not worth a cent. What are you driving at?"

"Just this. There is going to be a lecture delivered in this town to-morrow night on bridges and bridge building. The greatest factor Mr. Committeeman Wicks could have done me he did when he kicked me out of his office. For I intend that every man, woman and child in Dedgetown shall know that, and if you can't deliver that lecture I will."

"You never can deliver any such lecture, Harry. You haven't got the facts."

"Certainly not; but you have enough of them at all events to serve my purpose. Now what I want you to do is to get right back to the hotel and write that lecture. Make it general and without technical detail. Make it as interesting as possible. Every taxpayer in this town is interested in bridge building just now, and after the lecture every one will be interested in me and in knowing why the firm I represent was denied the chance to build on that job."

"I get your idea and I like it—if you can only carry the plan out."

"Oh, I can talk," said Harry, with a smile. "I don't claim to be much on mechanical engineering, but one thing I do possess, and that is the gift of gab."

The boys had now passed considerably beyond the limits of the town. The road they had been following led to the Alferetta mine, one of the richest gold properties in the valley, and they had come within sight of the bunch of frame buildings on the side of the hill which had grown up around the works.

At the side of the road a little ahead and not far from the mine stood a small frame shack with a large sign projecting in front and supported by a post, which read:

"DINK DAVIS' LAGER BEER."

The day was exceedingly warm for October, and Joe announced that he felt dry and was going to try a glass of beer.

(To be continued.)

TIMELY TOPICS

Captain James M. Fulton, of the Coast Artillery, at Fort Grant, Panama, was dismissed from the army on April 15 for violating an abstinence pledge. President Wilson approved the court-martial sentence. Captain Fulton is a native of Virginia and was appointed to the army in 1902.

The largest submarine in the United States navy, the L-1, the first of the series of seven of that type, has been turned over to the commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yard. The vessel is 170 feet over all, and instead of the usual rounded bow of previous models, has an ordinary ship's bow, which is expected to add materially to her speed. Her equipment includes four torpedo tubes. She will be propelled by oil-burning engines. The six other boats of the L-1 type will be ready for delivery before July 1.

All capital ships and destroyers of the United States navy are to be equipped with mine sweeps, according to an announcement made by the Navy Department. Sets of mine sweeps are to be supplied by the bureau of construction and repair as rapidly as funds permit. Lessons of the European war, where mines have played an important role, are responsible for the decision. The Department also has authorized the equipment of six tugs and six gunboats with permanent fittings for using sweeps, these vessels to be used as fleet mine sweepers when desired.

From Chita, in Transbaikalia (Eastern Siberia), comes the report that rich gold fields have been discovered on the Kamchatka Peninsula. The lodes are said to be covered only by thin layers of earth. Owing to the fact that in this locality the ground is always frozen and that wood is very scarce, the working of the veins will probably be very expensive. However, an expedition well supplied with capital will soon set out by steamer from Vladivostok, the Russian port of the Japan sea, for scientific investigation and, if possible, exploitation of the newly discovered fields.

Women in San Francisco who will go to the military reservation on the Presidio army reservation June 1 will wear no trousers, as the members of the American Women's League of Self-Defense, of New York, propose. Mrs. Frederick H. Colburn, who has the drills in charge, says: "Instead each officer and 'enlisted' woman will wear a snug little khaki Norfolk jacket, with a sensible khaki skirt fully six inches from the ground, and put on shoes, which will stand washing. Topping all will be a round black hat, something like sailors wear, and the uniforms will designate rank."

George Brown, of Portland, Pa., has found but not discovered the secret of the "dollar" damages against Samuel M. J. Murphy, who accepted more than 1,000 bar-

rels of beer belonging to the Schuylkill Helm Brewing Company into a stream. The brewery management is bankrupt and the sheriff, who was in charge, was informed that the beer was spoiled. The trustees of the brewery declare that the beer was sold, and that the sheriff should have collected the money before it spoiled. Cows that drank out of the stream that was temporarily flushed with the beer acted unaccountably frisky and mystified their owners until the facts became known.

An unusually satisfactory test of the automobile's value as a factor in coast defense was made by the officers of the Coast Artillery Corps stationed at Fort Miley, Cal., on April 8. With a 7-inch howitzer, weighing four tons, the 13th Company was rushed from Fort Miley to Half Moon Bay, a point on the coast where an enemy might land. The distance is thirty-eight miles over a hilly road and the Artillerymen covered the route in motor cars in ninety minutes, while it took only three hours to carry the howitzer to the appointed place. The gun was ready for action in fifteen minutes. Army officers estimated that it would take a day and a half to move the howitzer the distance covered by this test if horses had been used for the purpose.

"See America First" wasn't a matter of duty to Walter D. Cowles, a farmer and contractor, of Amherst, Mass., but a slogan that appealed to the curiosity of both him and his wife, he explained as he landed from the United Fruit liner Metapan at the foot of Wall Street the other day. So, despite his seventy years and his wife's sixty, they have visited every country of both North and South America from Alaska to Patagonia, and all during four years of travel. Their first trip was to the Panama Canal, Mexico and Central America. It whetted their appetites for globe-trotting and sightseeing, so two years ago they journeyed to Alaska. They have just completed an 18,000-mile jaunt that took them through Brazil, Argentina, Chili, Peru and even down to Punta Arenas, the southernmost point on the South American Continent.

Four German subjects, all members of the engineering staff of the North German Lloyd liner Friedrich der Grosse, laid up at Hoboken, N. J., were arrested April 13 by detectives from New York headquarters and agents of the Bureau of Investigation of the Department of Justice. They are charged with being principals in the ship fire bomb conspiracy which the authorities say has been going on for months, the purpose being to put explosives in cases on board vessels carrying munitions to the Allies, so timed as to sink the ships when well on their way across the Atlantic. The men arrested on April 13 were: Friedrich Garbade, born in Germany, fourth engineer; Wilhelm Parnas, born in Germany, fourth engineer; George Parnas, born in Germany, fourth engineer; Carl Schmidt, born in Germany, first engineer.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

A special to the Topeka (Kan.) Capital, from Ft. Dodge, in "dry" Iowa, says: "Because Mike MacKey drank too much of a patent medicine, which is said to contain 60 per cent. alcohol, he was fined \$25 in police court here. He claims to have purchased the medicine at a drug store in a smaller town in the vicinity.

When war broke out, there were 146,000 officers and men in service in the British navy. In addition to these were in active service 320,000 officers and men. Parliament had authorized the navy to work up to a maximum of 350,000 officers, men and boys by March 31st, 1916. Back of these, engaged on ship construction, repairs, etc., are about 700,000 men, making a total force working for the navy, ashore and afloat, of over 1,000,000 men.

The statement that Dr. Liebknecht, the German Socialist leader, has obtained possession of important documents showing that Austria was forced into the war by the Potsdam party against the wishes of Vienna and Budapest is made in a letter to R. N. Lowe, of Spilburn Manor, Bishop-Auckland, received from Dr. Paul Lassen, the well-known Danish Socialist. The letter, which is published in The Daily Chronicle, also provides further indications of war weariness in Germany.

It has been estimated that the number of words used by the average man is only about three or four thousand. In Shakespeare the whole number of separate words used is not more than 15,000. Milton, in his poems, used about 8,000. When the complete English vocabulary, as represented in the standard dictionaries of over 400,000 words, is considered, the number used by even eminent writers seems to be very small. Of course, the number of words in the average vocabulary stated above is merely an estimate, but it would no doubt prove accurate if count were kept of the words used in ordinary conversation or business letters.

Filled with tales of wonderful adventures, Ruth Cooper, the five-year-old daughter of Mrs. Norma Cooper, of No. 13 East Fifth street, arrived in Cincinnati after traveling more than a thousand miles, tagged like an express package, and in charge of trainmen. She was left alone

in a town near Montreal, Canada, when her father, an employee of a munition factory, disappeared mysteriously several months ago. He had gone to that place with the child to work, expecting to send for his wife later. She was cared for by persons there until the Cincinnati Associated Charities officers arranged for her transportation to this city. She was placed on a train by the Chief of Police of Montreal. At Utica, N. Y., where she changed train, she was taken in charge by the Associated Charities authorities, who placed her in custody of Conductor A. M. Collins, of the train to Cincinnati. "We got along swimmingly together," said Collins, "except for the fact that her hair is curly and was a little hard to part." The mother and Miss Louise Mullikin of the Associated Charities, who arranged to have the child sent home, were at the depot. No word has been received from the missing father.

JOKES AND JESTS

"Has Tom given up paying attention to Matilda?" "Ya-as." "What! Jilted her?" "No, married her."

"You're kinder to dumb animals than you are to me, your wife." "Well, you try being dumb, and see how kind I'll be."

"Why this hush, this elaborate tiptoeing about?" "S-sh! Mother is getting ready to ask father for a little extra money."

"Have you any nice beefsteak this morning?" "Sure. Here's some steak as tender as a woman's heart." "Give me a pound of sausage."

"Is there any way of stopping these cyclones?" asked the man from the East. "Oh, no," replied the Westner; "the best way is to go right along with 'em."

"Freddy, you shouldn't laugh out loud in the school-room," exclaimed the teacher. "I didn't mean to do it," apologized Freddy. "I was smiling, when all of a sudden the smile bu'sted."

Wife—An' phwy do yez be takin' thim pills when yez are well again? Husband—Faith, would ye be after havin' me let a dollar's worth of pills go to waste? It's a thriftless family Oi married into, sure.

"So you want to join our company?" said the theatrical manager to the seedy-looking applicant. "In what plays have you ever appeared?" "Well," replied he, "my last engagement was with 'The Blot on the Scutcheon.'" "What character did you act?" "I was the Blot."

He was the happy father of a very pretty and bright little girl of twelve. "Dad," she said to him one evening, while he was reading the paper, "every morning when I am going to school the boys catch hold of me and kiss me." "But, Ethel," he said, "why don't you run away from them?" "Well, dad, if I did, perhaps they wouldn't kiss me." He went on reading.

CAPTAIN PURDOM'S GHOST.

By John Sherman

Atlanta, Georgia, had surrendered to our victorious arms, and hosts of Federal soldiers were in the city.

The regiment of which I had the honor to the adjutant was stationed at a small village about ten miles from the city.

The village, so insignificantly small that I forgot the name, was buried in the hills and forests which surrounded it.

We were encamped in a narrow valley with a large forest-clothed hill on the south.

The third night after we had taken quarters at this village was, I think, one of the most terrible I ever saw. I have experienced fiercer storms of wind and rain, heard louder peals of thunder, and seen sharper flashes of lightning; but never in my life did I see a night when clouds looked blacker, or the wind moaned more unnatural through the great forest trees.

It was "the witching hour of night, when graveyards yawn," and I paced in front of my tent.

Sleep that night seemed a stranger to my eyes.

The sentries who paced their regular beats seemed like ghosts even at the short distance from where I stood.

The great black hill to the south looked like a huge mountain that towered to the firmament.

The fierce, dark clouds that flew along the sky were like so many demons.

There was something in the atmosphere that made sleep a stranger to me.

I was not supernatural, but in spite of myself a shudder ran through my frame as I gazed upon the great, dark, forest-covered hill on our south.

In the midst of the grove which covered the plateau on the hill-top was what had once been an elegant southern mansion, but what now was merely a tumble-down ruin.

The place showed that once it had been all that wealth could make it.

There were lawns, with graveled walks, overgrown with weeds and grass; a garden and dried-up fountain; a summer-house with one side tumbled in, and the whole place had the appearance of desertion and decay.

Of course it was but natural for soldiers to investigate everything about the camp, and I had already gone over the premises the day after our encampment.

Just the day before, I had paused to listen to an idle story told by some negroes to a group of soldiers.

It was something about the old house on the hill being haunted.

It had been the scene of some fearful tragedy years before.

A rich planter had occupied it, and his only child, a sun-dazzled maiden, with large blue eyes, and a fond, loving heart, had for a lover a poor but honest young man from the next village.

Her father had done everything he could to break the match, with the usual result.

There was an elopement and clandestine marriage.

The father brought home the young bride, and she was

supposed to have been murdered, as she had never been seen by any one.

The young husband was found at the roadside a few days after murdered.

The wealthy planter had deserted his mansion, and it had fallen to ruins, as we found it.

Strange to say that I, as unsupernatural as I claimed to be, could not on this strangely wild night get that idle story out of my mind.

In spite of myself I found my eyes wandering away toward the hill where the old mansion stood, and a strange, unknown horror seemed to seize me.

While I was abusing myself for being so foolish Captain Felix Purdom, of Company A, whose company was on the outpost, came up to me and said:

"Is that you, adjutant?"

"It is," I replied.

"What are you doing up at this hour?"

"I cannot sleep. I fear I am not well, captain. But what takes you here? Is not your company on the outpost to-night?" I asked.

"It is; but I came in to see the colonel," said the captain, and he paused near enough for the flickering light of the campfire to show how ghostly white his face was.

"Is anything wrong?"

"No, I suppose not; but, adjutant, I cannot force, by any means, a single man of my company to do picket service at that old house on the hill."

"Why?" I asked, though my shudder told me I knew why.

"They swear it is haunted," he replied.

I laughed, and said I thought men who had gone through the Georgia campaign would fear nothing, living or dead.

The captain shook his head, and said he had never seen them before, so he could not lead them anywhere.

I at last proposed that the captain and myself take a file of men, examine the old house from garret to cellar, and discover the cause of those strange cries, sighs and groans.

The captain agreed to my plan, and we went at once to his company quarters.

Captain Purdom's company had suffered fearfully in the campaign, and only twenty-five men were able for duty.

I don't think that ever in my life I saw a more terror-stricken group than those veteran warriors.

It was no physical fear that possessed them, but that strange, unaccountable fear that comes over us when suddenly confronted by what we regard as a thing of another world.

The captain's servant, a negro boy, presented the most ghastly face I ever saw.

No one can imagine how ghastly the face of a terror-struck dandy can be until they have seen one.

Some declared they had seen it—a ghostly corpse, floating in the air, with a loose, flowing robe around it.

Others had heard strange cries and groans proceeding from the haunted spot.

Detailing a file of soldiers to accompany us, we proceeded up the hill in the direction of the old deserted house.

I did not wonder much that the soldiers had been scared out of their wits.

I never knew what fear was before in my life, though I had faced death in a thousand forms.

The wild night, the inky black clouds, the wailing winds and sighing boughs and tree-tops, all conspired to make the old deserted house seem ten times more terrible than even the superstitious could paint it.

I was in the lead, with Captain Purdom at my side.

Behind us came the four privates, holding their muskets as firmly as their trembling hands would permit.

We passed through the decaying archway into the front yard, there to linger a moment amid the neglected evergreens and tall elms.

Captain Purdom then took two of the men to explore the back yard, while I kept the other two with me.

I was in constant dread lest they would become alarmed and run away.

With the trembling wretches at my heels, and, in fact, my own teeth chattering, we went to the front door and entered the hall.

Never did I hear a sound so hollow as my own first foot-fall in that deserted corridor.

Scarcely had the dread sound broken the still more dreadful silence than a cry—a scream—a shriek, all combined in one, arose in the building, and seemed to make its very rafters shudder.

Before I hardly comprehended what I was about, myself and men were again in the front yard; and the two guards on their knees.

At this moment I heard yells of terror, and Captain Purdom, with his men at his heels, came flying around to our side of the house, almost too terrified to speak.

"What is it?" I gasped, seizing the captain, and shaking him until he recognized me.

"Goodness gracious, adjutant!" he hoarsely whispered, "I never in all my life saw such a thing! I could not believe it if I had not seen it, but I saw it. Oh, how ghastly a sight! Let us leave this awful place!"

"Captain Purdom," said I, somewhat sternly, "you are not acting as becomes an officer. What a nice example you are setting for your men. Come with me. We will capture your ghost."

Somewhat assured by my assumed courage and coolness, he and his men followed me around the building to a rear garden.

As we filed around the corner, that awful scream once more pierced the air, causing us to almost fall down with terror.

"Great Scott, adjutant! There it is again!" cried Captain Purdom, sinking to his knees, and burying his face with his hands.

I looked directly before me, and confess that it took all my nerve to keep from flying.

Suspended about six feet in the air, and floating toward me with arms extended wide apart, was the most ghastly object I had ever beheld.

Three of the guard dropped their guns and fled, the fourth was rooted to the spot, too much terrified to move.

I took a backward step, and in doing so my foot came in contact with a musket which one of the soldiers had dropped.

Instantly seizing it, I fired full at the object still floating toward me.

It did not seem to waver, and, springing forward, I caught it.

Reader, what do you suppose it was?

A shirt suspended on an old clothes line with a pair of pantaloons (the legs of which came below it).

A Zouave cap and red sash had been fastened to it at the top.

A soldier, while exploring the grounds the day before, had fallen into a cistern, and had hung his clothes out to dry.

At the moment I so gallantly caught the ghost for Captain Purdom, a sound of wings was heard above us, and two large owls, whose quiet we had disturbed, flew from the attic window.

The report of my gun, of course, caused a great commotion in camp.

The long roll was sounded, and the order to fall in was given.

When the entire regiment was in line, Captain Purdom and myself walked down to the colonel, who sat in his saddle, sword in hand.

"What is it? How many are there of them?" asked the colonel.

"A false alarm, colonel," said Captain Purdom; "a merely accidental discharge of a musket."

"Is your company sufficient to guard that hill, captain?" asked the colonel. "Do you want any reinforcement?"

"None at all, colonel," answered the captain, and, saluting his superior, he retired.

I slept well the remainder of the night.

The next morning a choice bottle of wine and a note addressed to myself was on the stand in my tent.

The note was as follows:

"Accept this for the present, and if you can keep mum, it will not be the last. I hope we have taken our last ghost hunt. Yours, in confidence.

"FELIX PURDOM."

To estimate the width of a river without the use of surveying instruments a simple plan has been for centuries in vogue. Choose a section of the river bank where the ground runs back level, and, standing at the water's edge, fix your eyes on the opposite bank. Now, move your hat down over your brow until the edge of the brim is exactly on a line with the water-line on the other side. This will give you a visual angle that may be used on any level surface, and if, as has been suggested, the ground on your side of the river be flat, you may mark a corresponding distance on it. To do this you have only to hold your head perfectly steady, after getting the angle with your hat brim, and turn slowly around, until your back is toward the river. Now, take careful note of where the hat brim cuts the level surface of the ground as you look out over the latter, and from where you stand to that point will be the width of the river—a distance that may easily be measured by stepping. If you are careful in all the details you can come within a few feet of the river's width.

NEWS OF THE DAY

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announced on April 12 that more enlisted men are in the navy at the present time than ever before in the country's history. Secretary Daniels said that the enlisted personnel had reached the 54,000 mark. "There are now 54,011 men in the enlisted personnel," said the Secretary, "showing a net gain of 6,664 since March 4, 1913."

The proposed plan of the New York State Highway Commission to build a highway across the face of Crow's Nest, long famous as a Hudson River landmark and as a target for artillery fire at West Point, has called forth a protest against the highway being built "across its target" from one of our correspondents at Highland Falls, N. Y. He points out that one of the determining factors in the final selection by General Washington of a seat for the Military Academy was the ideal big gun target afforded by old Crow's Nest. And he expresses doubts as to the value of "an uncalled-for branch road across the face of the only available terrain for artillery practise" in the neighborhood of West Point.

The Indiana University authorities have established a censorship of clothes worn by the "co-eds." The censorship is in charge of Miss Ruby E. C. Mason, dean of women, who is attending all dances and inspecting the frocks and gowns. If the evening gowns of the girls do not conform to regulations as to length and style, the wearers are sent back to their rooms for a change of attire. This has happened to several young women recently. The censorship is established because of the loyalty of the Indiana "co-eds" to the prevailing styles, especially in dancing frocks. The frocks have been cut so low from the chin and so high from the ground that they have been shocking to some, the university authorities say, all during the winter.

The Litchfield (Conn.) Enquirer is responsible for the following: An Indianapolis man recently visited a "dry" town in Oklahoma. He met a red-nosed citizen who looked wise and asked him where he could get a drink. "Do you see that fellow half a block down there?" said the citizen. "Watch him when I whistle." The citizen gave a musical trill which had an immediate effect on the man down the street. He

stopped and turned around. The fellow waited and the Indianapolis man gave him the high sign. "Give me a ginger-ale highball," said the Indianapolis man for a joke. The stranger took a glass from one pocket, a small bottle of ginger ale from another and a bottle of liquor from a third. Then he mixed a drink in less time than it takes to tell it. "What ticket do you vote out here?" he said to the bootlegger. "Prohibition," was the answer. "If we didn't have prohibition my business would be gone."

The next examination for admission into the Medical Corps of the navy will be held on or about June 16, 1916, at Washington, D. C.; Boston, Mass.; New York, N. Y.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Norfolk, Va.; Charleston, S. C.; Great Lakes (Chicago), Ill.; Mare Island, Cal., and Puget Sound, Wash. The applicant must be a citizen of the United States, between twenty-one and thirty years of age, a graduate of a reputable school of medicine, and must apply for permission to appear before a Board of Medical Examiners. The application must be in the handwriting of the applicant, and must be accompanied by certain specified certificates: Full information with regard to physical and professional examinations, with instructions how to submit formal application, may be obtained by addressing the Surgeon-General of the navy, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

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INTERESTING ARTICLES

NEW MOTOR FUEL FOUND.

"Motorzine," a substance invented by W. K. Stevens, a St. Louisan, to supply a cheaper and better substitute for gasoline as a motor fuel, was characterized by the superintendent of the Ford Automobile Company in St. Louis as one of the greatest discoveries of recent years and one which will revolutionize the automobile industry. The results have been presented to Henry Ford in Detroit.

The average mileage of the new fuel is said to be twenty-seven per gallon. When mixed with crude oil or coal oil, the new fuel clarifies it at once, and the heavier oil does not carbonize the machinery. Instead, it cleans the engine.

The inventor claims it will be possible to manufacture it for about 3 or 4 cents a gallon in million-gallon lots.

FAKE FOOD FOR GERMAN ARMY.

Among the numerous cases of sales of "fake" food wares to the German troops, which the Government is vigorously prosecuting, the following are two of the most flagrant violations:

Max Schmitges, described as a well-known trader in Muenchen-Gladbach, proprietor of a delicatessen store and incidentally inspector of markets, sold thousands of tons of "Delikatess-Herring in Mayonnaise," the only trouble with which was that the herring was conspicuous for its absence.

"His much-advertised and widely-sold product did, however, contain potatoes and carrots minced with other ingredients, which mixture he packed in five-pound tins, selling them at a ridiculously low price, but withal about three times the actual worth. Schmitges was sentenced to nine months in prison and three years loss of citizen rights. Thousands of tons of his mixture had been sold to the army administration.

The second case is that of Frank Koch, a leather dealer in Nuernberg, who has been sentenced to five months in prison and 2,000 marks (\$500) and the closing of his business, for supplying boots to the Bavarian troops, the footgear largely consisting of a preparation of cardboard. In this flourishing business Herr Koch had been engaged for months, and had already sold 125,000 pairs to the troops when the fraud was discovered.

ORIGIN OF STATE NAMES.

Almost half the States in the Union bear names of Indian origin. The accepted meanings of some of these names are interesting to Lone Scout readers especially, on account of the letter our boys are exchanging about the origin of the names of the towns in which they live.

Alabama is an Indian word, meaning "Here we rest," which was the remark of an old hunter on reaching the ice spring at Hot Springs.

Alaska is Indian. It means "great country."

Arizona is Spanish, and signifies "wild land."

Arkansas is adapted from Kansas. The State was pro-

pled by a branch of the Kansas tribe, who were skillful with the bow or arce, hence "Arc Kansas."

California is Spanish, and may mean either "success" or "hot furnace."

Carolina, from the Latin, was named for Charles of England.

Colorado is Spanish and means "colored" or "ruddy."

Connecticut is Indian for "Long River."

Dakota is Indian, and means "leagued."

Delaware was named for Lord Delaware, who was first to explore the bay.

Florida is Spanish, and means "flowers."

Georgia was named for George II. of England.

Idaho, Indian, means "sun of the mountains."

Illinois is Indian, and means "real men."

Indiana is English. It stands for Indian country.

Iowa is Indian for "drowsy."

Kansas, originally applied to the river, is Indian for "smoky water."

Kentucky is the Indian for "head of the river."

Louisiana is French, and named for Louis XIV. of France.

Maine is English, and was called in the original charter "the Mayne land of New England."

Maryland was called so in honor of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I.

Massachusetts is Indian for "near the great hills."

Michigan is Indian for "great lake."

Minnesota is Indian for "cloudy water."

Mississippi means "father of waters" and is Indian.

Missouri is Indian for "muddy water."

Montana is Spanish for "mountain."

Nebraska, from the Indian, means "shallow water."

Nevada is Spanish for "snow white."

New Hampshire is English, and named for the Shire of Hants.

New Jersey is English, and named for the island of Jersey in the English Channel.

New Mexico bears the name of Mextli, the Aztec god of war.

New York was named for the Duke of York, to whom it was given.

Ohio is Indian for "great land."

Oklahoma is Indian for "beautiful land."

Oregon is Indian for "great western river."

Pennsylvania, a combination of English and Latin, means "Penn's woods."

Rhode Island is English, and named for the isle of Rhodes.

Tennessee is Indian for "river with a big bend."

Texas is Indian and means "friends."

Utah is Indian for the name of a tribe that once occupied the Great Basin.

Vermont is French for "Green Mountain."

Virginia is Latin and named for Elizabeth, the virgin queen.

Wisconsin is Indian for "flowing westward."

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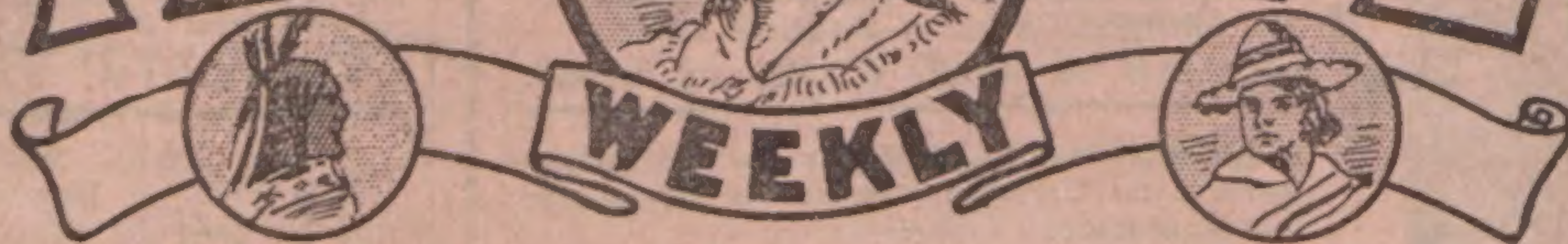
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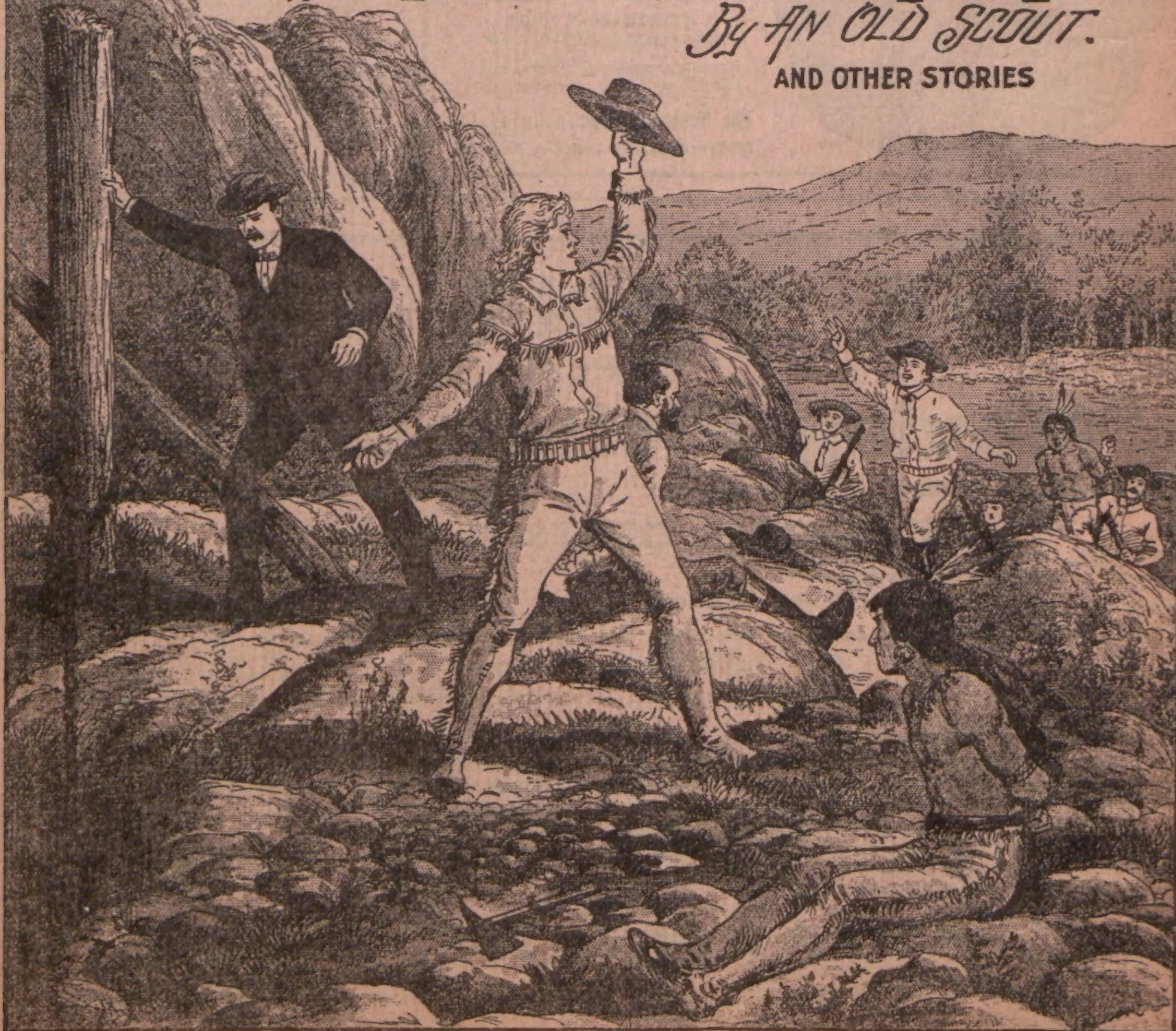
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